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Looking Forward

ASK AN ENGLISHMAN how much he is worth, and his reply will be: "So much a year." Ask an American the same question, and he will reach for the evening paper and the stock quotations. The difference is a vital one—and has divided for the past few years the views of many American financiers from those of most European bankers. Moreover, in it lies the return to sanity necessary in the present situation.

CALCULATING one's worth on the basis of paper profits instead of incomes from dividends has been at the root of the state of mind which has enabled speculation on the stock market to attract to itself money from all over the world, despite the Federal Reserve Board and our system of banking credits. Granted that the Reserve Board was not sufficiently courageous when it dealt earlier with the situation—granting also that more dramatic action might have brought on deflation of stock prices directly on the eve of the last election, thereby destroying one of the main Republican arguments to the unthinking voter—nevertheless, the money used to boom the stock market came not because of the Federal Reserve but in spite of it. What the public wanted, the public finally got—at high rates, and in the end at high cost. None of which could have happened had there prevailed the old-fashioned view of the value of stocks on the basis of dividend yield.

TO THIS SITUATION the tax on profits contributed, in our view, one of the two main reasons the bubble blew so high. No one ever felt like selling. The other reason was the loose, optimistic boosting by political and business leaders for interested motives—when they should have been telling the truth. Honest, if slow, Federal Reserve action pitted against selfish political and financial booming makes a poor team with which to draw the country ahead.

TO US, the after-taste of the Coolidge-Hoover bull market is distinctly synthetic.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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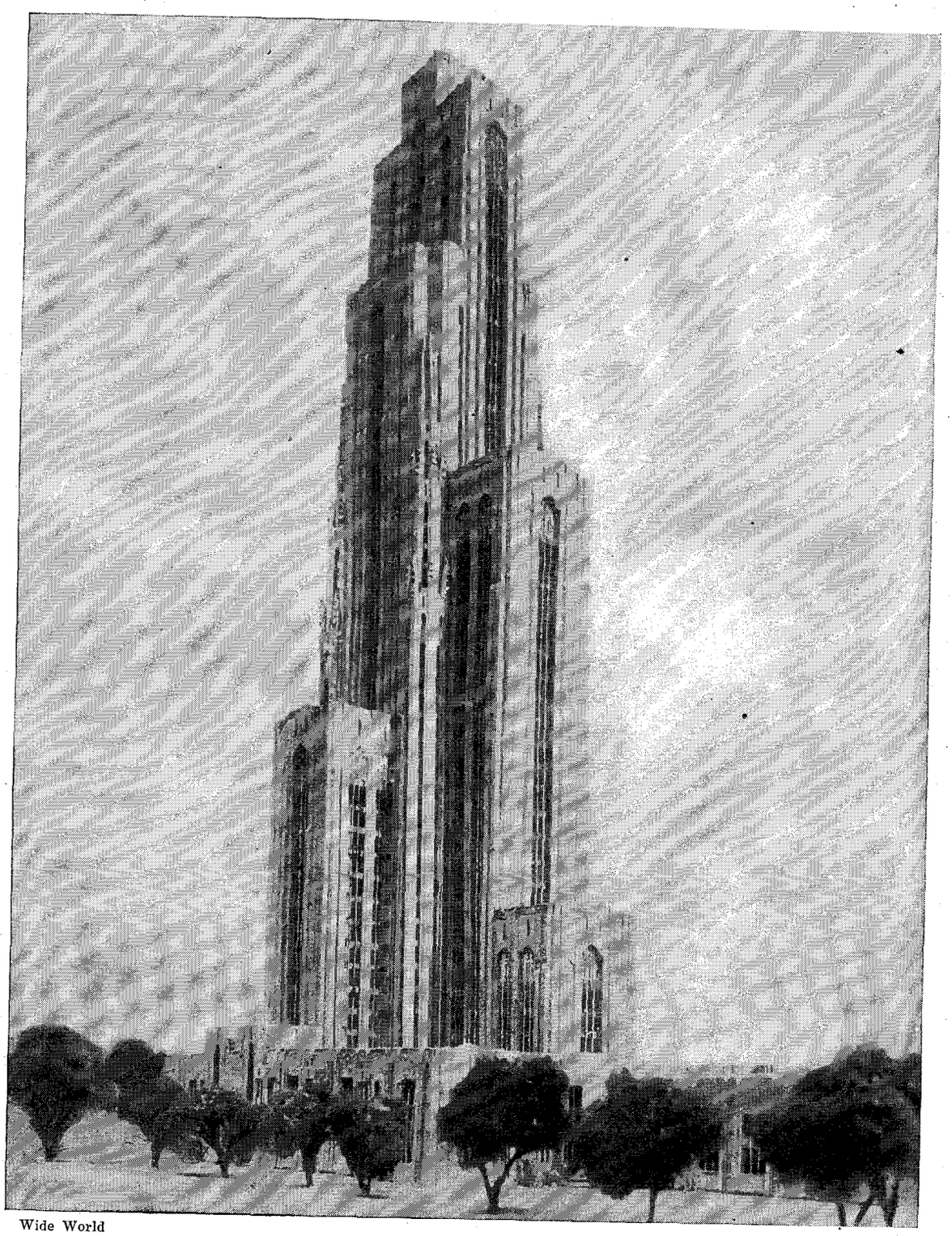

Wide World

THE CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING
as it will appear when completed

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Outlook
and Independent
December 4, 1929

Sweetness and Light in Pittsburgh

By RAYMOND F. HOWES

The skyscraper university which is to express the spirit of Pittsburgh in a happy fusion of the ideals of learning and the ideals of an industrial city, is nearly finished. But in the meantime, it appears, something has happened to the ideals of learning. Mr. Howes, who tells the story of Chancellor Bowman's modern crusade and what has come of it, is a former teacher at the University of Pittsburgh

WHEN Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes of Smith College tried to make a speech at the University of Pittsburgh last April, he was chased from the campus by a university official. The incident in itself is not so unusual in academic life as to cause extended comment. Sherwood Eddy, Alexander Meiklejohn, and Dora Russell, among others, have been denied the privilege of speaking at even more important American universities. Doubtless Dr. Barnes himself, a noted liberal, has been chased from better campuses in his day. But that incident with its sequel, the dismissal of a member of the faculty and the expulsion of two leaders of the student Liberal Club, has a larger significance. It trumpets abroad the failure of perhaps the most interesting educational experiment of this generation—Chancellor John Gabbert Bowman's dream of uniting in a single great enterprise the spirit of learning and the spirit of industry.

The enterprise, the erection of a fifty-two story building to express the soul of Pittsburgh, bears unmistakably the stamp of an unusual personality. Only an idealist could have conceived it and only an efficiency expert could have made it practical. John Gabbert Bowman, M.A., Litt. D., LL. D., is both an idealist and an efficiency expert. Born at Davenport, Iowa, in 1877, he was graduated twenty-two years later from the state university, and became successively a newspaper man, an instructor in English at the State University of Iowa and at Columbia University, secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, president of the State University of Iowa, director of the American College of Surgeons, and then, at the age of forty-four, chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. During those years he published *Happy All Day Through*, a book of children's verse containing such lines as

> Something in our apple tree
> Something seems to talk to me;
> Something tells me without words
> That I love the trees and birds.

Soon after coming to Pittsburgh he installed a registration system which, with its array of field telephones, orderlies, and signal gongs, would arouse the envy of an army officer. An enthusiastic admirer, summing up his qualities, once called him "both flower and dynamo." The University of Pittsburgh provided in 1921 an excellent field for the exercise of both his outstanding traits. It was seriously overcrowded. Nine thousand students struggled for knowledge in buildings designed for half that number. Many attended classes in temporary wooden structures that should long ago have been torn down as fire menaces. Others packed themselves into the tiny offices of professors who could secure no classrooms. More space was needed, and it was needed at once.

A conservative college president would have approached a number of philanthropists in an effort to build up, over a period of years, a new endowment fund. But Dr. Bowman was impatient. He wanted immediate action. To get it, he had to discover and harness powerful sources of wealth. He found two directly under his nose: Pittsburgh civic pride and Pittsburgh industry. His plan, announced in November of 1924, appealed to both. He proposed to build a Cathedral of Learning 680 feet high at a cost of $10,000,000. It was to be financed largely by local industries and to be dedicated to the spirit of Pittsburgh.

"Pittsburgh," he said in his announcement speech, "is known as a center of wealth and industry. It is known for the making of steel, glass, and machinery. The idea of vast tonnage production in the minds of millions of people is associated with this city. But all of this is only part of the real Pittsburgh. There is a way of thinking, a way of doing, a spirit here out of which has come the wealth, the manufacturing, and the tonnage production. This spirit is little known. It was brought here by the pioneers. It is a spirit of courage, of daring, of speed of action, and of honor. Let us call it the spirit of achievement. . . . The new building is to express this spirit of achievement with such force and with such grasp of its sublimity that the whole world will understand. It is to be the greatest structure ever erected by any community to tell its own will."

Here, obviously, was a new idea in

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education. The architectural conception, combining a medieval cathedral with a Twentieth Century office building, was daring. But even more daring was the identification of the ideals of a center of learning with the ideals of an industrial city. American colleges had been identified with churches, with state governments, with city governments, with philanthropic organizations, but never before with a group of active industries. Other college presidents, jealous of their academic freedom, were carefully scrutinizing large donations even from individual financiers. But where timid realists feared to tread, Dr. Bowman rushed in without a quiver. His campaign committee to raise funds included, besides Andrew W. Mellon and U.S. Senator David A. Reed, Homer D. Williams, president of the Carnegie Steel Company, John H. Nicholson, vice president of the National Tube Company, R. B. Mellon, president of the Mellon National Bank, George H. Clapp of the Aluminum Company of America, Howard Heinz, president of the H. J. Heinz Company, A. L. Humphrey, president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, T. H. B. McKnight, treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and the presidents of the Homer-Loughlin China Company, the Armstrong Cork Company, the Babcock Lumber Company, the United Engineering and Foundry Company, the Union Trust Company, the Lockhart Iron and Steel Company, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, and the Bank of Pittsburgh.

It seems never to have occurred to Dr. Bowman that the spirit of learning might be endangered by this step. He had studied Pittsburgh's history in his own way and had formed his own conception of the city's character. "The long past," he wrote in his beautifully illustrated booklet, *Inside the Cathedral*, "is a mirror. When we look into this mirror the disagreeable facts of history tend to fade and the good to become more vivid. We dwell upon that which is attractive—past actions of bravery, of courage, and of honesty. We see ourselves in this past, acting with these virtues. On and on we go, selecting facts until, out of the distance, an ideal emerges. We capture it. We are proud of it. It is *us*. We are guided by it into the future. Such ideals are the *essential self* of the community." Observed in this way, the checkered past of Pittsburgh became to him a glamorous triumph of virtue.

To the great dirty city Dr. Bowman offered "a promise of the New Day in tangible form." He offered sweetness and light, "the knowledge of good living, of good government, or philosophy and poetry, the knowledge of art, of science, of reason, the records and motives of humanity, the full satisfaction of the hopes and desires of men," all to be products of the city's own creative energy. The building, by its shape and size, he said, would symbolize these ideals. "To catch the spiritual, driving, courageous stuff that made Pittsburgh, the designer of the Cathedral of Learning had to use

Underwood

CHANCELLOR JOHN GABBERT BOWMAN

architecture which expresses such stuff. Such effects cannot be attained in low buildings. They can be attained in high buildings, and for that reason this high building was accepted as the only right one for the University. . . . The lines are not pulled into steeples; they are parallel, and project themselves into infinite space. They mean power and achievement, the spirit of Pittsburgh."

As he penned thoughts like these, Dr. Bowman's lean, clean-shaven, almost youthful face would glow with the rapture of a seer. The same glow singled him out in a group of speakers at a campaign meeting. Of medium height, medium build, his hair neither brown nor wholly gray, he was not otherwise impressive. But when he spoke of his Cathedral of Learning he seemed to gain mental and spiritual stature. His hearers inevitably pictured him clad in shining armor, leading a combined host of scholars and industrialists on and on to higher things. He must have liked the picture himself, for he burst out one day to an astonished interviewer, "That building, all by itself, is a modern crusade."

While the dreamer in Dr. Bowman indulged in this orgy of idealism, the efficiency expert in him did not sleep. His doctrine had its practical side, as the progress of the campaign for funds soon made clear. The sentimental were caught from the start, of course. Immigrant women, living in squalid tenements, went without meals to pay their meager tributes to a beautiful vision. One aged New England lady, overcome after hearing one of Dr. Bowman's radio talks, wrote him an hysterical letter of praise. Brought to Pittsburgh and dubbed St. Elizabeth, she drew in showers of dollars as well as tears. But the hard-headed and the sceptical were converted, too. They might grin politely when the chancellor called his building a petrified version of the fire song from *Die Walküre*, but they gaped in admiration when he proved that his setback skyscraper design would minimize the sway of the central shaft, would decrease the expense of heating and ventilating, and would conserve land worth more than $1,000,000.

To business men the Cathedral of Learning seemed an attractive venture in advertising. It would be, they were convinced, a wonder of the new world and, like the Woolworth Tower and the Washington Monument, would draw wide-eyed tourists from all corners of the globe. In addition, any individual who contributed more than $1,000 could have his name engraved on a bronze tablet in the great central hall; and business houses that made sufficiently large donations had the privilege of setting up under the Gothic archways of this same hall busts of their founders with appropriate inscriptions. Far-sighted manufacturers weighed at more than its face value the chancellor's statement that "Pittsburgh . . . needs chemists who can produce inexpensive rustless steel and iron; it needs engineers who can transform, without waste, electricity into heat." They knew that Andrew

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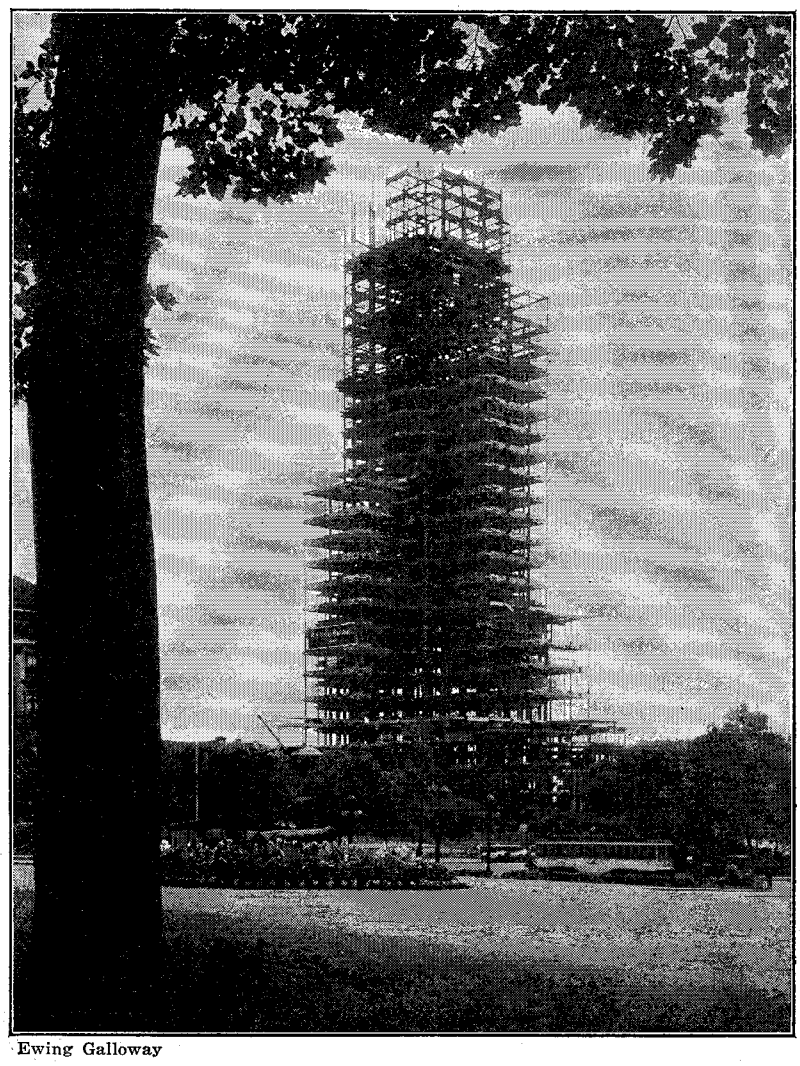
Mellon had never regretted his endowment of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, and they caught a vision of great departments of chemistry and physics pouring new discoveries into that institute to be transmuted into gold. Hence they gave, not until it hurt perhaps, but at least until it appreciably lowered their income taxes.

For the faculty of the university, too, the project had charms. The chancellor promised classrooms with fireplaces and easy chairs, spacious offices, modern laboratory equipment, an enlarged library,—and higher salaries. If a few harbored the suspicion that their research would be directed toward commercial ends and that freedom of thought would be curtailed, they said little about it. Though many would have preferred busts of Shakespeare and Darwin and Plato and Einstein to busts of Westinghouse, Armstrong, Oliver, and Heinz as decorations for a university building, they smothered their conservative prejudices in admiration of the chancellor's practical sagacity.

Lastly, the plan appealed to the ordinary citizen, whose civic pride had long been suppressed because he had nothing in particular to be proud of. The city as a whole was ripe for some such scheme. Merchants displayed placards in their shop windows showing a map of the Pittsburgh district above the slogan: "The Pittsburgh District contains Half the Population of the United States." The fact that New York and Chicago appeared coyly just within the fringe of the map only proved more conclusively the depth of local feeling. Hence the whole of Pittsburgh accepted Dr. Bowman's proposition. Approximately $8,000,000 was raised, the bulk of it from large industries represented on the campaign committee.

The immediate result of the campaign, though perhaps few realized it fully at the time, was to change the significance of the university's name. It had been for fourteen years the University of Pittsburgh, that is, a university located in Pittsburgh. It now became a university possessed by Pittsburgh. The composition of the Board of Trustees changed little. At the time of the campaign more than half its members were officials of important industrial firms. Many of them had been members of the board that hired Chancellor Bowman in 1921. They had always controlled to some degree the policies of the university. But if the same men still held control, they held it now with new power and with a new sense of responsibility. They no longer served simply as alumni, outstanding citizens, or individuals from whom donations were expected; they served now as representatives of the spirit of Pittsburgh and, more specifically, of industries that had contributed immense sums to the Cathedral. The university very soon felt the effect of the change.



Ewing Galloway

DEDICATED TO THE SPIRIT OF PITTSBURGH

Skeleton of the first twenty-nine stories of the University of Pittsburgh's skyscraper

Perhaps Dr. Bowman had foreseen the change, but he had divined no evil in it. There would have been none if the spirit of Pittsburgh had lived up to his imaginative portrait of it. But Pittsburgh had indulged in political corruption, intolerance, and disregard of human liberties too long to be converted overnight under the spell of pedagogical eloquence. It was unfortunate for Dr. Bowman that the students and faculty of his university should, in the next few years, take important rôles in exposing Pittsburgh's darker side; that they believed they were following his own ideals, working to spread knowledge of good living and of good government, made the situation still more difficult. Dr. Bowman suddenly discovered that his crusaders had split into two factions and were fighting tooth and nail. Idealism and practical expediency had parted company. In this crisis the chancellor became singularly mute; but his actions showed more clearly than any possible words which side of his nature triumphed. It became only a matter of time until some such episode as the chasing of Dr. Barnes should illuminate the scene in a flash of publicity and expose to the world the ignominious end of the crusade. The students and faculty of the University of Pittsburgh had known the results months before.

The students early discovered that any criticism of the administration or of the Cathedral of Learning met with swift and sure punishment. A columnist on the *Pitt Weekly*, hearing that an organ was to be installed in the Cathedral, suggested a few appropriate tunes, such as "Home to Our Mountains" for commuters, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," for elevator changes to classes, and "Old Folks at Home" for meetings of the Board of Trustees. He was summoned before J. Steele Gow, executive secretary of

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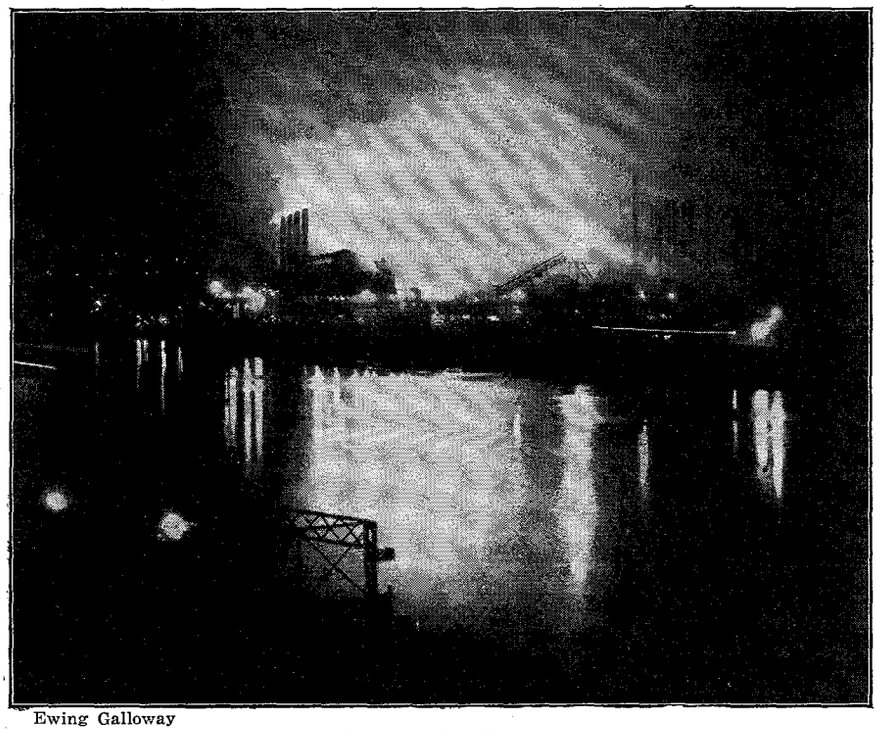
the university, who told him that the chancellor considered his action "like throwing mud on a beautiful painting." An editor of the *Weekly* who criticized the administration for arbitrarily curtailing student activities was haled before W. Don Harrison, dean of men. Dean Harrison, a graduate of the State University of Iowa who had come to Pittsburgh as an assistant professor of English and had helped Dr. Bowman with publicity, told him, the editor said later, that he "would have to do one of three things: to go along with everything done by the administration one hundred per cent without questioning, to submit to a strict censorship, or to resign." He chose to submit his copy for approval. His predecessor had resigned. His successor, after nearly a year of difficulties, resigned, too. Since that time the *Pitt Weekly* has gone along with the administration one hundred per cent.

During this period the *Pitt Panther*, the humorous publication, submitted to the same type of supervision. When the cover one month aroused some displeasure among the puritanical, the magazine was suspended.

If the students found it difficult to print what they wanted to print, they found it even more difficult to hear what they wanted to hear. Socialism was barred as a subject for intercollegiate debate. When Louis Untermeyer, a mild Socialist, was invited by the Student Self Government Association to address an assembly, the invitation was withdrawn by the chancellor. The Pitt Liberal Club advertised on university bulletin boards a series of off-campus lectures by Scott Nearing. Dr. Bowman ordered the posters removed. Undaunted, the Liberal Club later put up a similar set of posters announcing a lecture by Arthur Garfield Hayes, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union. Members of the club arrived at school the next morning to find the speaker's subject, "Denial of Civil Liberties in Pennsylvania," changed to "Civil Liberties in Pennsylvania." White paper had been pasted over the other two words.

It is instructive to note the intellectual fare served up by the administration at student assemblies during these same years. Dr. William E. Barton discussed the life of Lincoln; Graham McNamee told about the seventh round of the Dempsey-Tunney fight; the late Judge Elbert H. Gary eulogized the Cathedral of Learning; Jim Corbett, with a vivid exhibition of shadow boxing, explained how he knocked out John L. Sullivan at New Orleans; and Federal Attorney John D. Meyer urged the boys to buy drinks in Pittsburgh speak-easies and report to the Prohibition agency. Perhaps this explains why the students, when given an opportunity to vote for the greatest living American, picked Clarence Darrow. Calvin Coolidge took second place, while Dr. Bowman took a very poor third.



Ewing Galloway

Pittsburgh steel mills at night

It was the determination to hear first-rate speeches on matters of importance that prompted the Liberal Club to issue what proved to be its last invitation—the one to Dr. Barnes. Perhaps members of the club anticipated trouble, for previous meetings had frequently been suppressed. At any rate, they found it, even though their program had been officially approved by the club's faculty advisors, Dr. B. J. Hovde, Dr. Ralph Boots, Dr. P. W. Whiting, and Dr. Colston E. Warne. Dr. Barnes was welcomed in person by William Daufenbach, a former prison guard, now assistant to the dean of men. This, according to the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* of April 23, 1929, is what happened:

> When Dr. James, with members of the Pitt faculty and interested students, arrived at room No. 188, Alumni hall, they found it guarded by the bulky form of Daufenbach, who told them "nobody gets in this room." When they protested that they had permits, Daufenbach said, "You'll have to see the dean."
>
> Albertson (a student leader of the club) then announced that the meeting would be held on the steps of Thaw hall, and the crowd, which by this time had outgrown its original small proportions, hurried there. Albertson opened the meeting, turned it over to Dr. P. W. Whiting, head of the Pitt zoology department and faculty adviser to the club, and hurried off to keep an engagement with the dean. Dr. Whiting introduced Dr. Barnes, who had hardly started speaking when Daufenbach arrived to stop the meeting again. He told them they could not meet on university property. The meeting then moved to the rear of the Concordia Club, where the speeches were said without interruption.

Dr. Barnes, speaking from an open automobile, urged the release of Thomas Mooney and Warren K. Billings, California labor leaders who are serving life sentences on evidence alleged to be perjured. A. H. Armbruster, acting Dean of Men (Dean Harrison had by this time been promoted to director of athletics), im-

(Please Turn to Page 554)

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The Empty French Stocking

By ALVAN F. SANBORN

Victims of the bear market may find some consolation in this account of the breakdown of an old French custom. The war, the descent of the franc and the ascent of taxes have made saving virtually impossible; so that the national instinct to be thrifty has given way to disorganized spending. Mr. Sanborn is a long-time resident of France

A PIECE OF NEWS! Thrift is no longer a Gallic trait. The French, proverbially a nation of savers, have become a nation of spenders. This patient, plodding people have repudiated the frugality which was the economic resultant of the aptitudes and inclinations of the race and of which the emblem was the homely woolen stocking, and are intentionally and even insolently living beyond their means. In all classes—not excluding the peasantry, who clung so long to the literal stocking as a depository for their treasure—the determination to put money by for a rainy day has been supplanted by a disposition to throw it out of the window. All the categories have been turned topsyturvy.

In this country where marriage is normally an alliance of interests, as well as of affections, and where the family is normally a model of financial and moral as well as emotional solidarity, the husband and father has taken his rôle most seriously. He has deemed it his duty to provide for his children not only up to their majority but for life. To this end he reserved with unswerving regularity, scrimping and sacrificing, if necessary, a certain portion of his earnings for investment. From father to son, this saving went on without interruption. Frugality was the continuous chain that bound together the successive generations. And, from father to son, safety first was their watchword. They put stability above every other consideration. It did not greatly matter to them that their incomes were modest so that they were steady.

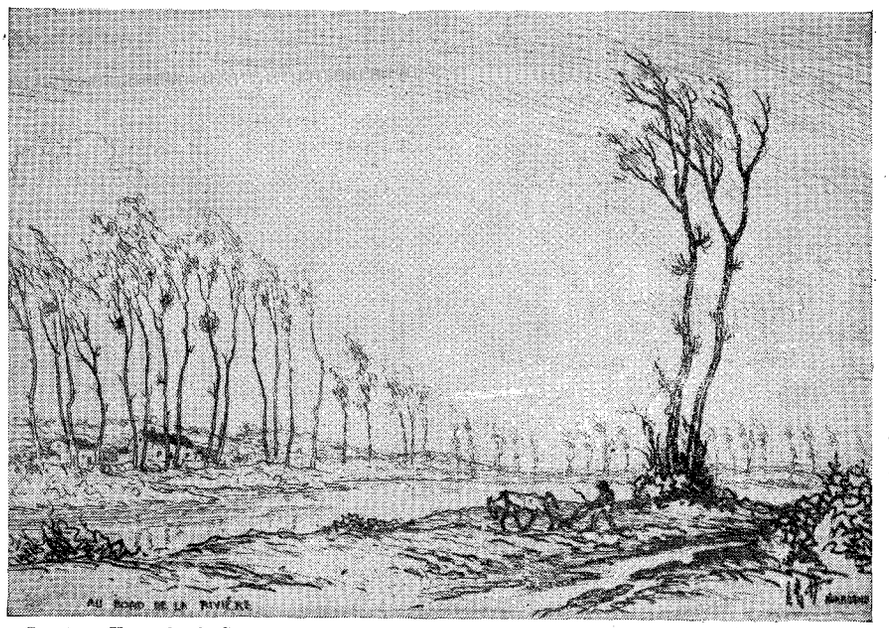
This prudent attitude was not conducive to big fortunes; but the number of heads of families of sufficient substance to be free from uneasiness regarding the future was phenomenally large. If slight force was deployed, none was lost. Little by little, by the systematic repetition of the same act, energy was amassed, and the continuity of the effort ended by producing surprising results. The sum of the small fortunes of these myriads of frugal livers constituted the bulk of the public fortune, the floating capital of the state and of the industrial and commercial enterprises of the nation. From them came the wealth which made France the banker of the world, financing gigantic engineering enterprises (notably in Austria, Russia, Turkey and North and South America) that transformed the face of the earth, and staving off on occasion, by opportune intervention, the financial crises of other countries. And from them came likewise the funds that enabled France to hold on and to hold out in the cataclysm of 1914-18 and to aid with loans her Central European allies.

It was to them, in the grave emergencies of that strenuous period, that the State turned for assistance and never in vain. *En masse*, they showed their confidence by bringing their gold coins to the Banque de France, receiving in return the notes of the bank. They brought also such foreign securities as they possessed and exchanged them for War Loan certificates, thereby helping to sustain a currency whose depreciation at that time would have been an unspeakable catastrophe. Then, with a close approach to spontaneity—drives were superfluous—they subscribed to war loan after war loan, and when finally the War terminated, they subscribed to other loans for the reconstruction of the devastated regions.

Just when the freer spending began it would be hazardous to affirm. Probably, in the general letting down of economic and moral bars incident to the War and by way of reaction against the exceptional privations it entailed. But it may be said that it first became conspicuous after the War, when the franc commenced to depreciate, and that it followed closely and at a constantly accelerated pace that depreciation. In other words, the inflation of appetites corresponded roughly to the deflation of the purchasing medium.

In the summer of 1926, when the franc had slumped to two cents and threatened to follow the German mark to zero, when the bottom seemed to be dropping out of everything and the great mass of savers seemed to be on the point of losing their all, the spending attained to a veritable orgy.

The night of July 20 in the capital, when the exasperated populace vented its long pent-up wrath against the locked gates of the Chamber of Deputies, and were prepared to string up the incompetent and bewildered Prime Minister to the nearest lamppost if he did not resign, was only a shade less tense with potential tragedy than was the night of July 31 which preceded the order of mobilization twelve years before. And through-



Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

AU BORD DE LA RIVIÈRE
An etching by L. G. Hornsby

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out France, even in the tiniest and remotest hamlets, the atmosphere was charged with mingled anger and apprehension. Everywhere, the principles and the habits of a lifetime yielded. Everywhere, there was a frantic rush—in a desperate desire to save something out of the wreck—for dollars and pounds and a scarcely less frantic rush for merchandise to replace the discredited money. The whilom savers bought clothes and house furnishings, wines and liqueurs, furs and jewels—no matter what, at no matter what price, so that it was not perishable and could be held for a rise. The most backward peasants, normally refractory to the paraphernalia of progress, speedily exhausted, by veritable raids, the stocks of the vendors of agricultural machines, showing a decided preference for the most complicated and the most costly. A tiny rural community, which at the beginning of 1926 had only four reapers, had twenty-two before the end of the year. I know of a small landholder who sold for 25,000 paper francs (worth two cents each) government securities that had cost him more than 50,000 gold francs (worth twenty cents each) and put the entire proceeds into the bed and table linen by which French housewives set such store and which figured prominently in consequence, in the booty of the German armies.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

MADAME LE BEUGE, KNITTING
An etching by L. G, Hornsby

Buying in this fierce and fantastic fashion could not, in the nature of things, go on indefinitely, and it diminished somewhat with the passing of the immediate crisis. But the free spending, which had been rendered irresistibly tempting by the half-dozen years of well-nigh uninterrupted deflation, during which purchases seemed to be constantly increasing in value, has persisted.

It is manifested in a pronounced predilection for the devices designed to cater to creature comfort and to household convenience, which the French lump together indiscriminately under the appellation of *"le confort moderne."* It is manifested, further, in a formidable extension and utilization of the credit system, particularly under the form of the instalment plan, which had long been a conspicuous feature of French life, and in the main a wholesome one, because soberly employed. It is manifested, above all, in the acquisition of automobiles by persons who have no professional need of them. Not that there is here anything like a car to every four inhabitants, as there is in the United States. But in its annual production of cars, France is second only to the United States, and, in car ownership, it follows very close upon Great Britain, way ahead of Italy and Germany. For all France, there is today a car for every thirty-three inhabitants (one for nine in certain communities) and the proportion is increasing at so rapid a rate that, within a few weeks, these figures will have become inadequate. That the number of persons who acquire cars, without stopping to reflect whether they can pay for their upkeep, is increasing at a corresponding rate is shown by the fact that the Paris municipal pawn shop is kept busy building garages for the accommodation of the cars it receives in pawn.

During the thirty years I have known France intimately, and, probably, much longer, securities have been issued in very small denominations, on a partial payment basis, foreshadowing the instalment plan, and have been taken by the humbler elements, who may fairly be said to have the security-buying habit. But they bought solely for sound investment, paying little attention to quotations, satisfied with small returns, so that they were regular and sure, and not in the hope of acquiring sudden wealth by following the fluctuations of the market. Their sober, interest-bearing holdings were styled *"placements du père de famille"* (family-man placings). They were rarely offered for sale, but were handed down from father to son, or formed part of the marriage portion of the daughter. The epidemic of speculation in securities, which has accompanied the orgy of buying merchandise, is something altogether novel.

Incidentally, the new propensity to spend involves, no doubt, the acceptance of a higher standard of living, the transfer of a host of things from the list of luxuries to the list of necessities, that is bound to be a stimulation to production. Consequently, one is tempted to attribute it to the adoption of the

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latest American economic philosophy. But it is not, in reality, conscious Americanization. Ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred are not interested in economic philosophies and are totally unaware of the emergence of a new American one. The changed attitude is not an importation from anywhere. It is simply the inevitable product of the disastrous consequences of the War. It is a reaction and a protestation of the victimized, a revolt of the despoiled.

It is an expression of the discouragement, disillusion and disgust of the savers, who have been irretrievably ruined by investing in conservative securities with fixed revenues. The practical annihilation, through the unscrupulousness of the Soviets, of the billions advanced to Russia—"Who loans to Russia, loans to France"—has fallen heavily indeed upon the small savers of France. The situation of those who confided their savings to the loans of the home government is only a trifle better, for they have seen their property reduced, obviously through no fault of their own, in monstrous proportions.

It is these millions of modest savers with fixed incomes who have paid the piper in the matter of the stabilization of the franc at approximately four cents. By this operation, which was practically a levy of eighty per cent upon their slender capital, as well as upon their dividends, they have been arbitrarily and definitively deprived of four-fifths of their possessions and their return. They have the same number of francs as before; but each franc is worth legally only one-fifth as much, and, according to the official coefficient for 1929 of the cost of living, actually goes only one-eighth as far. The majority of those who had realized their dream of retiring upon what, for France, was "a small competence" have been reduced to near penury. They have gone back to work when they have been able. If too aged or feeble to work, they are dragging out stinted, undernourished existences or have become public charges. I could cite heart-rending examples galore among my neighbors and friends.

The patriots who turned their gold coins in to the government now have, in lieu of each twenty-franc gold piece, a piece of paper money also labelled twenty francs, but which is the equivalent of only four gold francs. They have, it is true, somewhere among their family papers, an artistic "certificate of civism," designed by Bernard Naudin, which their descendants may some day prize highly, but which is negotiable nowhere and which they have come to regard as a certificate of gullibility. Pointing with pride to the impressive gold reserve of the Banque de France is adding insult to injury in the eyes of these badly duped exemplars of civic virtue, since the reserve would be vastly smaller had the government not taken an unfair advantage of their simple loyalty.

Courtesy Kennedy & Co.

VIEILLE FEMME AUX CHAMPS

An etching by L. G. Hornsby

Words cannot express the disenchantment of these victims of misplaced confidence, the new poor of France. The feeling that they have been unjustly treated by the government of their country, to which they have given signal proof of devotion, is even harder to bear than their financial discomfiture. Much as they lament their lost ducats, they lament still more their lost illusions, their vanished faith in the sanctity and the infallibility of the state.

If France had been vanquished in the War, the subsequent economic hardships might have been accepted with a certain approach to equanimity; might even have reenforced the national saving bent, as did the difficulties that followed the nominally unsuccessful War of 1870. The thought that victory has turned out to be for them worse than defeat, that they have been squeezed dry by the restoration of the war-devastated regions, which should have been at the charge of the invader, makes them very bitter. They are obsessed by the harrowing conviction that most of the sacrifices imposed upon them latterly might have been avoided, if the negotiators and the executors of the Treaty of Versailles had been equal to the occasion; for between the promises of the Armistice and the realities of the Peace there is a great gulf fixed. The brooders among them, morbidly sensitive to the crimes of "the capitalistic state," fall an easy prey to Bolshevism. What wonder if the vast majority of the others, cruelly humiliated dupes of their economy, vent their resentment by flinging prudence to the winds and squandering such resources as the process of spoliation has left them! Fifteen years of perpetual strain—nearly five years of war and ten years of an ordeal quite as racking as war—have gotten on their nerves and have ended by disordering them.

Saving has been further discouraged by the heavy taxes due to the deplorable economic consequences of the peace, which have constrained the state to renounce its normal beneficent rôle of favoring the acquisition of wealth by its citizens. In 1928, the sum of the French communal, departmental and national taxes was, in round figures, sixty billion francs, nearly forty per cent of the total revenue of the country, the equivalent of fifteen hundred francs (nearly $60 since the stabilization) for every man, woman and child. But these figures fail to show how hard the diminutive fortunes, which are the rule in France, are hit. The boast of the Finance Minister, that the tax returns for the first nine months of the current year

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Half an American

By STOYAN CHRISTOWE

The author deals here with a personal predicament that has many parallels among the foreign-born citizens of America. Spiritually, physically, linguistically he has not been thoroughly domesticated; at the same time he finds it impossible to resume life in the country of his birth. Mr. Christowe is a frequent contributor to the magazines and recently has written a novel

AS I TRY to recall my earliest impressions of America, first come to mind the rotten tomatoes which native urchins hurled against us poor frightened immigrants as we trudged morning and evening from our quarters to the foundries and back. My impulse then was hatred for all Americans, whom I considered as omniscient giants before whose energy and ingenuity nature herself bowed. My first desire was to accumulate as much as possible of the proverbial American gold and beat it back to the old country.

Some, the more frugal and labor-loving ones, did precisely that. Through severe economy they saved a thousand dollars or so in the course of a few years and returned to the villages to resume their honored positions as masters of houses and families. There they augmented their properties by buying another vineyard, a couple more meadows; swept away the decayed thatch from the roofs of their houses and covered them with gleaming red tiles.

But the majority of us stayed. We soon got used to the tomatoes, even took for granted an occasional egg. We knew we were foreigners and we were not slow in perceiving that while in our own country the word foreigner connoted guesthood, in America it carried an implication of contempt. We had come to stay and avail ourselves of the riches. No one likes a guest that has come to stay permanently.

We lived in clusters in the large cities and contemplated the American world through the windows of our coffee houses. Physically we were in America; mentally and spiritually in the old country. If ever an American ventured into our coffee houses we all stirred like the bees in a hive into which a slug has made its way. There was just as much excitement caused by the strange visitor as if he had visited our native village. We had created a world of our own within that greater world into which we only occasionally ventured.

This great world which encompassed ours was to me an immense confusion. Of its complicated pattern I could not discern a single stitch, much less begin to perceive the pattern itself. Filled with fright, I thought of the little native world with which I was intimate and whose mysterious life was not a mystery to me. Did I not help promote that life? I knew the grass grew in the meadows because we watered it; the grapevines sprouted and leaved profusely because we pruned them in the spring and weeded out the hampering growth from amidst their roots; the corn grew because we plowed the field and planted the seed there.

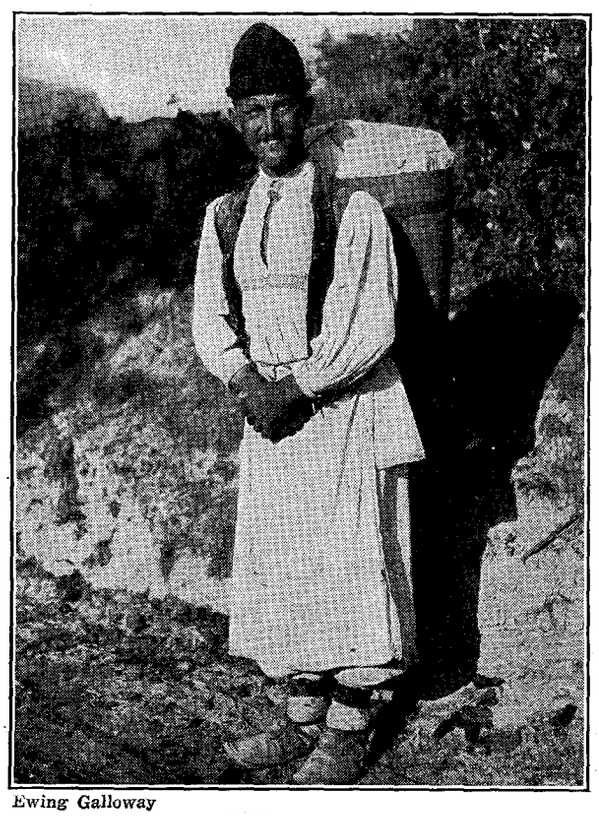
But here everything seemed purposeless and inexplicable. For ten hours every day I stood harnessed to a monstrous machine and bored holes into pieces of steel. I did not know whence those steel pieces came, how they were called, why I was punching the holes in them, where they were going from me, of what eventual use they would be. The whole city in which I lived was like that. People went about hurried in all directions. To what purpose, I could not divine. The whole of America was like that in those early immigrant days.

But gradually I began to perceive a faint rhythm in the cacophony and to discern a certain measure and line in the catastrophic disorder which surrounded me. The mist began to clear away and the mighty structure of America loomed before my vision like a lofty vague mountain at the earliest dawn.

As the American world took form before my eyes and slowly revealed itself to me, a dimness about the world I came from began to settle in my mind. The traditional names of the heroes of our land began to seem the names of heroes of a mythical world and to be crowded out of memory by names which would once have sounded strange to me. More and more America revealed itself, intriguing me farther and farther into amazing labyrinths and captivating me with the crude sorcery of steel and iron, until I began to see beauty where I had once seen only frightful ugliness.

There started then to awake in me a fevered passion to become part of the magnificent, resplendent scheme which unfolded and grew before me. I studied the language with maniacal zest; read newspapers and magazines and books with the avidity of a fanatic. I read out loud billboards, posters, signs of all kinds, names of companies and corporations, names of streets and squares; and every word, every name opened new vistas to me. I was becoming saturated with Americanism.

More and more America captivated me. It alone was great; everything else was puppetry. The glare of this fantastic civilization blinded me to the



Ewing Galloway

Balkan peasant

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Springfield, Missouri

achievements of any other nation. Europe was but a museum with its people the porters and guides in it. America was the living world, where men breathed, worked, created, built, sought the solutions of the mysteries of nature and harnessed the universe. I passed through a phase of blind provincialism; a sort of spell emanated from outward things coloring my vision and judgment.

In my passion to liken myself to the Americans, to rub out from my personality all foreign traits and characteristics, I suffered agonies. I would not content myself with straight and safe English. Americanisms, native idioms and localisms would give a certain authenticity to my own Americanism. And I was not cautious in their use; with the result that often I made myself ridiculous, saying things entirely different from what I intended to say. Once in my college days a fellow student and I passed on the campus two lovers. I noticed as they came by us that the young man was holding the girl so awkwardly that she walked with difficulty. My intention was merely to remark to my friend on the unnatural way in which the young man was holding his companion and I could well have said, "What a stupid way to hold a girl!" but precisely what I said was, "Say, that fellow's got that girl in a bad shape!" My friend laughed uproariously, but genially, and I with him. In those days I was not very self-conscious about my mistakes. I knew that my whole being was in process of change, that I was in a state of turmoil. My English was in ferment.

Years have passed since then. And I am now a different person. Still I often ask myself these questions: What has been the result of this long and blind gestation in the womb of America? Have I become an American? Has the storm in my being lulled now that I have spent two-thirds of my life in a struggle for readjustment and adaptation? The one answer that pounds in my mind most is this: Despite the readiness and zeal with which I tossed myself in the melting pot I still am not wholly an American, and never will be.

It is not my fault. I have done all I could. America will not accept me. I shall always be the adopted child, not the real son, of a mother that I love more than the one that gave me birth. It is hard for a man with ingrained native traits and characteristics to remake himself in the course of one generation. There is still something outlandish about me; mannerisms and gestures that must strike as odd one born and bred here; tints and nuances in my speech that must betray my foreign birth soon after I open my mouth to speak.

Ewing Galloway

Harvesting wheat in Bulgaria

I once believed that America demanded complete surrender from those who adopted it as their mother. I surrendered completely. Then I discovered that America wanted more—it wanted complete transformation, inward and outward. That is impossible in one generation.

Then what is my fate, and the fates of the thousands who fall into my category, or, should I say, into whose category I fall? What are we? Are we still what we were before we came to America, or are we half Americans and half something else? To me, precisely there lies our tragedy. We are neither one nor the other; we are orphans. Having forsaken our own mothers to become the foster children of another, we find ourselves orphaned. Spiritually, physically, linguistically, we have not been wholly domesticated. And at the same time we have rendered ourselves incapable of resuming life in the old country.

While I am not a whole American neither am I what I was when I first landed here; that is, a Bulgarian. Still retaining some inherited native traits, enough to bar me forever from complete assimilation, I have outwardly and inwardly deviated so much from a Bulgarian that when recently visiting in that country I felt like a foreigner and was so regarded. My Bulgarian speech is now cramped and rusty, clumsy and inadequate for my thoughts. I cannot now speak that language half so fluently as I speak English; nor can I write it with half the facility with which I string English words upon this page. In my audience with King Boris during my visit there I found myself compelled to ask permission from the King to speak to him in English. In Bulgarian I stammered and was hopelessly inarticulate.

I know hundreds who have been twenty and more years in America and who use English chiefly as their medium of communication, but speak it abominably, like foreigners, and speak their own tongues even less fluently. Some years ago I was interpreting in court for a Bulgarian who despite a continuous residence in this country of fifteen years still deemed himself unprepared to appear in court without an interpreter. We both found it more difficult to converse in Bulgarian than in English and the court was greatly amused when we had to discard our mother tongue and wrestle in English for understanding.

Later, while I was traveling on a Bulgarian train the conductor came to

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The Trend of Events

Babson

THE WALL STREET upheaval which sank Irving Fisher's stock to a new low sent Roger Babson's skyward. The first ominous tremor brought him immensely valuable advertising; each succeeding one brought him more.

Breathlessly, his admirers point to his prediction of September 5 that "sooner or later a crash is coming which will take in the leading stocks and cause a decline of from sixty to eighty points in the Dow-Jones barometer." Resolutely, they discard reminders that Mr. Babson prefaced his prediction with the words, "I repeat what I said at this time last year and the year before." The prediction reached the country as a whole; the preface did not. The public demands simplicities, not complexities. It wants to hear of the man who forecast the break; it does not want to see a parallel drawn between the prediction and the prayers of those Indians who never ask for rain without getting it, since they keep on praying until rain falls.

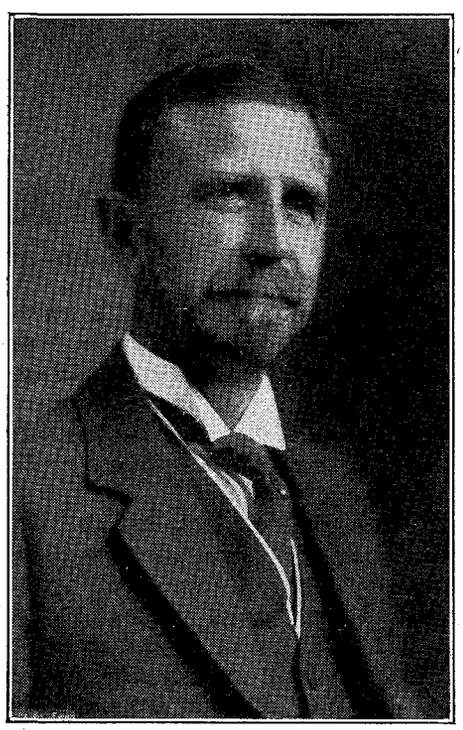
Possibly Mr. Babson will even be credited with the ten-day adjournment of Congress, for the fact is that on November 19 he advised Congress to adjourn and remove an obstacle to the return of business confidence, and on November 20 adjournment was voted. The probability that most of the legislators were less interested in Babson than in getting mileage for their trips back home, the despair of passing a tariff bill in the special session, and the specific statements of some Senators that they were not adjourning because Babson wanted them to—all this may slide off the national mind.

Even the Senate's denunciation of the advice may redound to Mr. Babson's glory, since the denouncers were members of the coalition which many persons are anxious to blame for the tumbling market. Moreover, if all publicity is good publicity, it was worth something to have Senator Borah booming about "this venal slave of interests."

If only Mr. Babson lets well enough alone. His statement of November 19, that manufacturers were being upset by tariff legislation, foreign trade by international bickering, and general business by "other events" in Washington, was hardly up to the standard of the September 5 prediction. If he will but rest on his laurels, saying little for the next few months and saying that in a whisper, he may yet stand in the popular mind as the sage of the recent unpleasantness.

Senate as Investigator

MR. BABSON'S reference to "other events" detrimental to general business has been described as a jab at the



Harris & Ewing

RIGHTO

Roger W. Babson profiting from bear prediction of September 5

Senate lobby investigating committee. If it was, his case is the weaker for it. If general business has been hurt—and it hasn't—by the committee's revelations, it very badly needed to be hurt.

On the whole, the committee has simply showed the specific nature of open and covert manoeuvres which were being made to influence legislation, and which were already well understood. So doing, it has pricked a few bloated reputations and floodlighted a few mouldy characters. Occasionally particular committeemen have been stalely flippant or have seemed shoddy by comparison with certain witnesses. But, generally speaking, they have been doing a useful job and doing it fairly well. It would be ironic if they were to be rebuked for their pains, if resentment were to focus less on the exposed than the exposers.

That has happened before. It may happen again. Thus William Starr Meyers, historian of the Republican party, is now comparing injustices committed by investigating committees with those committed by George III. These committees, he says, seek, "not facts, but to put somebody in a hole," in this case Mr. Hoover. The statement falls flat. Like other judges and prosecutors, Senatorial investigators frequently think of self-exploitation and self-advancement. To admit that is merely to admit the necessity of conducting investigations through the medium of human beings. But the fact remains that Senatorial inquiries are often highly valuable and that few powers of the Senate are more important than that of conducting investigations.

This power has been abused once, and only once, by the committee investigating lobbies. However far North the statement by Fred I. Kent that the activities of the Senate coalition were a cause of the stock market crash, Mr. Kent had a perfect right to make it, and to make it without being called to Washington and heckled for it. Angrily putting the New York banker on the grill, the committee made it hot, not primarily for Mr. Kent, but for the right of free speech.

Hooks on Hoover's Line

ASIDE FROM tax reduction, President Hoover has two hooks to the line with which he seeks to pull up general business. One is to stimulate exports. In this connection let critics of the Senate's Democratic-Insurgent coalition ask themselves whether the outlook for increased exports would be brighter or dimmer if the coalition had permitted the passage, over sharp foreign protests, of a skyscraper tariff bill.

The second hook is, substantially, the plan outlined by Catchings and Foster in their book, *The Road to Plenty*. Briefly, it is to create a reservoir of construction and draw upon it during business depressions, thereby preventing slumps in employment and buying power. The project now under way calls for an increase in both public

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and private construction programs. So that they may be carried on concertedly, so that business may be stimulated to build to the full, so that confidence may be recaptured by the publicity given to present plans and future prospects, the President has called a series of conferences between Government officials and representatives of business.

To show private enterprise the way it should go, the Treasury Department announced that it will ask Congress to increase appropriations for public-building construction by $175,000,000, to a total of $423,000,000, this sum to be expended during ten years. In response, railroad executives declared their intention of spending at least $1,000,000,000 on capital improvements in 1930. From representatives of building and highway construction associations the President learned that as many buildings would be erected in 1930 as in 1929, and that highway construction would total more than $2,000,000,000. From his conference with industrial leaders he received support of his plea for expanded construction and learned that in some lines it would be greater than in 1929. So assured, he sent a message to the forty-eight State Governors asking State, county, and municipal officers to lend a hand wherever possible.

The economic justification for increased construction lies in the fact that hard times are good times for builders, since money, labor, and materials are both cheap and plentiful. The economic justification for keeping salaries high lies in the fact that small wage-earners represent much of the national buying power. No more than labor leaders who promise not to seek increased wages are employers altruistic when they decide against lightening payrolls.

A permanent board or council to keep business on an even keel may be the most important result of the conferences at the White House. Representatives of trade associations, called by the United States Chamber of Commerce to meet in Washington on December 5, may, conceivably, witness the birth of a body that will be to American business what the Federal Reserve system is to American finance.

▸▸*Lie-Detecting*

Every now and then, the Vollmer pneumo-cardio-sphygmometer, or "lie-detector," crashes the first pages of newspapers. This machine, which consists of two leather plates attached under the arms of the person questioned, connects by electric wires with a needle touching a reel of ruled tape to make a graph of respiration and blood pressure. It registers negative and positive reactions—the former, supposedly, when the questions are readily answered and give the suspected person no trouble, the latter when the questioners are "getting warm."

This time the detector has obtained from Decasto Earl Mayer a confession of the murder of James Eugene Bassett of Annapolis, Washington, in September, 1928. Mayer, who is in jail facing a life term as a habitual criminal, was arrested in Oakland, California, just after Bassett's disappearance. He had Bassett's automobile and watch. Since the necessary corpus delicti could not be produced, Mayer could not be charged with murder; he was, however, charged with theft and convicted. The object of the recent seven days' questioning—lasting six or eight hours a day!—with the lie-detector was to secure confession and induce Mayer to lead officers to Bassett's body. The net results were a court order preventing further use of the apparatus, a confession, which Mayer later denied, and a registered indication that the body was in a certain cemetery near Bothell, Washington. The cemetery has been searched in vain for a clue.

Kirby in N. Y. World.

"*You Did It.*"

The lie-detector, then, seems little more than another method of wringing out a confession after protracted questioning. There are other ways, equally efficacious if less scientific, which police could tell about if they would. One involves simply a piece of rubber hose. Another, which reveals that barbarity did not stop with the Inquisition, has just been ordered destroyed in Arkansas. It is a makeshift electric chair, in which suspected persons were seated and plied with electric current until, probably whether guilty or innocent, they confessed. All such methods, needless to say, are themselves indefensible.

▸▸*Dress "Reform"*

One would think that in London, whose Bond Street is the Rue de la Paix of masculine fashion, men would sneak sidewise glances at themselves in shop windows and feel pretty well satisfied. A zealous reformer, however, will attack perfection itself. The Men's Dress Reform party finds the Briton's attire drab, uncomfortable, and lacking in individualism.

First of all, suggests the party's expert committee, down with the binding collar and tie. Down below the Adam's apple, leaving the neck Byronically encircled with a low, loosely-knotted cravat. Then off with the shirt and on with the blouse—trimmed up a bit to make it suitable for an outer garment. Coats are silly, except as wraps. Trousers are silly too; knee breeches or shorts should displace them. Hats are unnecessary, except for protection against rain and strong sunlight; shoes should give way to sandals.

The ideal evening dress, the committee holds, is a fine white silk or satin blouse, black satin knee breeches, and silk stockings. Bolder gallants would substitute for knee breeches the finest quality shorts. For an outer wrap a velvet or corduroy cloak would be "very becoming."

We venture to add a few details. The shirt, it is admitted, must be decorated. All right: in the upper left hand corner, a row of eyelets into which may be clipped a fountain-pen, a pencil (broken) of silver, another (well-sharpened) of wood. Embroidered onto the upper right hand side, a gold ring, from which may be suspended, by a series of chains, a watch, several keys, a cigarette lighter, a small knife, and a black leather book, blank except for a few marks the meaning of which has been forgotten. Out between blouse buttons would peep old envelopes and corners of newspapers scrawled with memoranda, well-thumbed visiting

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cards, a crumpled package of cigarettes, a check book, an empty billfold, an old button, a broken key ring, and a lodge emblem. Probably there would be room in the pockets of the knee breeches, or the bolder shorts, for paper money, half a dozen dilapidated theatre ticket stubs and hat-checks, some loose change, and a couple of handkerchiefs.

▶▶Leaky Bottles

As Representative from Illinois, Edward Everett Denison has been a cracker-dry prohibitionist. Nevertheless, a District of Columbia Grand Jury has indicted him on a charge of illegal possession.

As the prohibition service explains it, a leaky suitcase, containing six broken and six intact bottles of intoxicants, and addressed to Representative Denison's office, was found in an express company's Washington quarters on January 18, 1929. Learning that a trunk, part of the same shipment, had been sent to the Representative's office two days earlier, the dry agents called on Mr. Denison and asked for the key. The Representative replied that he had left the key at home, and that, anyway, the trunk contained a set of dishes. Unpersuaded, the agents agreed to return that night, when Mr. Denison would produce the key and bring the dishes to light. The key, however, failed to fit the lock. A pretty how-d'ye-do, indeed.

Then Mr. Denison had an inspiration. He suggested that the agents lift the trunk and see whether his name was on the end of it. They did so and read the name "B. B. Dawson." One agent, however, irritatingly insisted that the name was not there that morning, that it had been painted on during the day. Opened with a screwdriver, the trunk was found to contain, not dishes, but whisky and gin, eighteen bottles of the former, six of the latter. Dumbfounded, Mr. Denison disowned the liquor, and, the agents say, asked that the incident be kept secret lest it blast his political hopes. He also declared, and still declares, that the transfer firm made a mistake and sent him baggage belonging to some one else.

Be that as it may, leaky bottles have now for the second time placed members of Congress in embarrassing positions and created doubts of the integrity of our legislators. This cannot go on. Happily, it need not go on. What the circumstances plainly demand, and what Congress has the power to provide, is a good strong law against the manufacture, sale, importation, or transportation of bottles likely to leak while being carried about in trunks and suitcases.

▶▶Theatre-Goers' Rights

The Actors' Equity Association, protector of the rights of actors and managers, recently championed the rights

Underwood

ACCUSED

Representative Denison of Illinois charged with possessing intoxicants

of the public as well. The public was both surprised and pleased. Often gouged and disappointed by ticket speculators, chronically timid before take-it-or-leave-it lords of the box-office, the average citizen has humbly admitted that possession of a seat for a smash hit is a privilege which he scarcely deserves and for which he must expect to pay through the nose. So he pays.

Equity, however, fresh from an uncomfortable tiff with the talkies and facing another unprofitable theatrical season, realizes that the paying may not go on indefinitely. The talkies are encroaching on the drama; they are cheap; they make a tradition of courtesy to customers. When producing managers and playwrights suggested that Equity snatch the theatre from the financial chute by advocating Sunday night performances, therefore, Equity had a few ready strings to tie to its consent. Let managers sell a good portion of the best seats at the box-office and at box-office prices, insist that agencies charge only a fixed premium, remove employees' high hats, and, in short, court the public's good will, and Equity will be ready to talk about Sunday performances.

The points were well taken. When Eddie Cantor lent a hand, threatening to give names and facts relating to the conscienceless co-operation between managers and ticket speculators, the case was practically perfect. Managers hastened to deny all faults as fast as they were pointed out, but some of them may also be hastening to remedy a few. Should the two sides bring the subject to open debate, the sight of the ticket speculation racket hung out to air would be a rare treat for tired urban eyes.

▶▶Rubio at the Helm

Disorder at the polls during the Presidential election doubtless indicates that democracy is not yet functioning to perfection in Mexico. But then, neither is it in Chicago. It is clear, however, despite the threats of the defeated Vasconcelos, that Mexico got the man it wanted in Ortiz Rubio, who has behind him the prestige of the forces that have governed the country for the last ten years. His victory reflects confidence in the policies which have achieved many of the ends of the revolution at home and at last are bringing general reconciliation abroad. The President-elect makes it plain that he intends to hew closely to the line of his immediate predecessors, Presidents Obregon, Calles, and Portes Gil.

With his fifty-two years, his nearly-white hair and mustache, his eyebrows knotted firmly behind shell-rimmed glasses, Rubio stands out among Mexico's Government officials, mostly in their thirties and early forties. His stocky build and physical vitality bear witness to his active career. This

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speeded to its brisk tempo when, at eighteen, his activities against the National Revolutionary Party's Presidential candidate, Diaz, caused his expulsion from high school.

Underwood

UP IN MEXICO

Pascual Ortiz Rubio chosen President at recent Mexican election

An exceptionally able man, a tireless investigator, born of wealthy parents, he has traveled and studied continuously, and is the author of a number of books and scientific reports. He has scoured Mexico both as soldier and engineer. He has been Governor of his State, Minister to Germany and Austria, Secretary of Communications and Public Works, while with his left hand he has established a university and consistently promoted education for the masses. He is an outstanding hydraulic engineer. His chief interests, irrigation, harbor construction, road building, and the like, should now make themselves felt, as he declares they will, in Mexico's industrial development. Mexico, too, will try out in the Presidency the much-advertised virtues of the "engineering mind."

▸▸*Unfit*

Because Rosika Schwimmer, Hungarian pacifist, declared that under no circumstances would she bear arms, the Supreme Court barred her from becoming an American citizen. Case 1.

Because Douglas C. MacIntosh of the Yale Divinity School, while promising to aid in some capacity in any kind of war, and to fight in any war which was sanctioned by his conscience, refused to fight in one which was not—"in a war in violation of the so-called Kellogg pact, for instance"—a Federal District Court in Connecticut barred him from becoming an American citizen. Case 2.

Because Martha Jane Graber, a native of Germany educated in the Mid-West, refused to kill in defense of this country, though she was willing to be killed in defense of it, Judge Becker of an Ohio Court of Common Pleas barred her from becoming an American citizen. Case 3, following logically and naturally from Cases 1 and 2.

Judge Becker asked Miss Graber whether she were willing to serve in the army in time of war. She was willing, she said, to serve at the front in her profession, that of registered nurse. She was willing to shed her blood, if necessary to give her life to protect this Nation, for she loved America and thought its Government the best of all. "I could not bear arms," she declared; "I could not kill; but I am willing to be sacrificed for this country." That, the Court decided in its wisdom, was not enough. Her petition for citizenship was dismissed.

There is, astonishingly enough, no evidence to indicate that Judge Becker, as a practical joker, was conducting a burlesque hearing. There is no evidence to indicate that he sought to satirize the Supreme Court and reduce its Schwimmer case ruling to absurdity. There is no evidence to indicate that he knew, or that he knows to this day, how far he waded into utter nonsense.

▸▸*Robes for Mayors*

Apropos of the ceremonious installation of a new Lord Mayor of London, we recently lamented the absence of similar display in America. City life, we pointed out, would be greatly enlivened by the appearance, from time to time, of gold-braided heralds and gilded coaches from which stepped resplendent Mayors in robes of state. We added that the Mayor could not be just any one. He would have to be the kind of Mayor who could carry it off.

The words are scarcely out of our mouth. Yet already news—or rather fiction—comes, through the London Sunday *Chronicle*, that Jimmy Walker, New York's tailor-made Mayor, has sent a trusty representative post-haste to a London theatrical costumer with orders to design him some ceremonial robes, rush, money no object. Mr. Walker, the *Chronicle* soberly reports, was grieved to realize that, when welcoming Premier MacDonald, he had nothing more dignified to his back than a frock coat.

To remedy this, two designs, blending a dash of Sixteenth Century Dutch burgomaster (since New York was originally New Amsterdam), a handful of Lord Mayor of London, a pinch of the designs from the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and a soupçon of Solomon in all his glory are said to have been submitted to the Walker representative for approval. Artisans setting to work at top speed might have completed the robes in time for Mayor Walker's presentation of the keys to the city to the next transcontinental roller skater.

The robe, as it was pictured in the *Chronicle*, would be a fine sight to see—a trailing red cape embellished with gold and ermine, and crowned with a splendid three-cornered hat fringed with white feathers. Referring to the whole project as an English joke, Jimmy cements the conviction that he isn't quite the man to carry it off. But we still think it a first-rate idea. Especially the fringe of feathers.

▸▸*Left Face in Russia*

Nikolai Bucharin has not yet followed Leon Trotzky into exile, but has suffered a fate almost as hard in being expelled from the puissant political bureau of the Central Committee of the

Underwood

DOWN IN RUSSIA

Nicholai Bucharin expelled from his position in Russian Communist party

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Communist party. Formerly editor of the official Communist organ, *Pravda,* once regarded as the outstanding theorist of Communism, he has been sternly demoted for expressing Rightist opinions no longer in favor. With his expulsion and the disciplining of Alexis Rykoff and Michael Tomsky, the policies of Lenin's successor, Joseph Stalin, stand almost unchallenged in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics.

What these policies contemplate is revealed in the extraordinary effort being made to establish Communistic principles on the farms. Communism from the first was an urban growth appealing little to the mujiks who tilled and reaped Russia's vast fields. To win their co-operation Lenin first divided the great estates among them, later established the new economic policy, recognizing capitalistic principles to a small extent, in order to gratify their individualism. Recently the Government's efforts have been energetically directed to the execution of the five-year industrialization program, factory construction and so on. Its approach to success in less than five years has encouraged the authorities once more to impose Communism upon the peasants, and by force as well as persuasion.

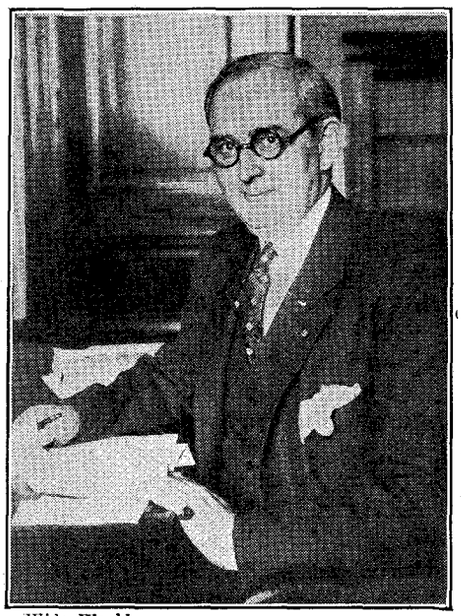
The several-year march toward the Right drove out Trotzky; the present turn to the Left unseats Bucharin. That Stalin has not hesitated to dispense with two such outstanding men reflects his confidence in his position. Well-justified confidence. The collection of grain from the peasants has run to greater totals this year than ever before. Fewer bushels have been burned by rich peasants unwilling to sell their wheat cheaply to the Government, which plans to sell some of it at a profit abroad to finance the industrialization program. Perhaps the peasants are at last being whipped into line for the "trustification" of the farms. If so, the prospects of the Russian experiment are brighter than at any time since the revolution.

▸▸*Young Guard Routed*

The Senate's Young Guard did too much eating and talking and not enough thinking. It made sorry mistakes of judgment and strategy. It mistook energy and ambition for strength.

Its brief little battle began with a dinner given by Senator Kean, New Jersey multimillionaire. Came to his home one dark night a score of newly elected Republican members who, disgusted with Old Guard leadership, also recoiled at Progressive irregularity. They feared for the effect which failure to enact the tariff bill would have on the party. So they agreed to oppose adjournment until the bill had been passed and sent to the President for signature. Their scheme was to compromise by boosting agricultural rates and keeping industrial duties where they are.

Sallying into the open when Senator Jones, temporary Republican leader,



Wide World

JUNIOR LEAGUER
Arthur H. Vandenberg, leader of the Freshman bloc in the Senate

agreed to support a Democratic motion for adjournment, they voted to remain in Washington. They signed a round robin pledging themselves to attend night meetings religiously. For three days they were the talk of the town. Even President Hoover recognized their existence, and saw them as a nucleus of an Administration majority.

But success was much too much for such inexperienced men. Three leaders—Vandenberg, Allen, and Kean—issued differing statements simultaneously. Despite denials, the Freshmen were pictured as seeking to dethrone Senator Watson as majority leader, and Senator Moses as Chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee. Senator McNary was revealed as their candidate for boss-ship. These pronouncements were the undoing of the Young Guard, known by this time variously as the Young Turks, Boy Scouts, Hoover Bloc, and Junior League.

Soon the regulars' steam-roller was flattening out the youngsters. Experienced friends of Watson and Moses started a counter-movement. McNary found it wise to deprecate attempts to exalt him. The Progressives rejected the plan to keep industrial rates at present levels. On the next vote to adjourn the Young Guard stood together bravely, but lost. Defeated but unbowed, it may yet exercise great influence. There are rumors that certain aspiring Old Guard Senators may join the new group and lead it to power and place. Meanwhile, Washington grins at the Young Guard's cool disregard of the code that new members should be seen but not heard.

▸▸*Labor Victory in Marion*

Roughhousing law-enforcement agents, shoving around the dignified president of a textile corporation, and shouting "To hell with the troops," do not constitute rebellion and insurrection against the State of North Carolina. So, in effect, ruled Judge Cowper in the Marion trial of Alfred Hoffman, United Textile Workers organizer, and three associates. The insurrection charge therefore died, and the four defendants were placed on trial for rioting and resisting an officer. Insurrection carries a fifteen-year, rioting a two-year, penalty.

Following a series of outbreaks in Marion, a rebellion statute of the carpetbagger era was invoked against Hoffman and his fellows. Hence, sardonically enough, a law written to impose the will of Northern victors on unreconstructed rebels was used in a strike which its opponents consider a creature of the North. The plan came to nothing when Judge Cowper ruled that the statute applied only to treason and similar offenses. He was unable, he declared, to see how several misdemeanors could become conspiracy to rebellion, a felony.

In this ruling, the American Federation of Labor and the affiliated United Textile Workers have won a distinct victory. If rioting and other incidentals of strikes were classified with treason, they would have suffered a setback just as their campaign to unionize North Carolina and other Southern States is getting well under way.

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"Clipping the Lilies"

"RACKETS?" said Ferdinand Pecora, First Assistant District Attorney of New York. "Why, I don't know of a racket in New York City today." "Really?" replied the New York *World,* and set forth in detail how rich and poor, white and black, native and alien inhabitants of the Nation's greatest city were mulcted for a sum between $200,000,000 and $500,000,000 last year and how hands reached out from New York into the pockets of the rest of the country.

A great many were unwitting contributors to the racketeer war chests. If they suspected, they did not bother to protest. Mainly they chalked up unnecessary advances in food prices to the mysterious laws of economics instead of to the unmysterious intimidation of dealers by racketeers. When the rent went up they reproached the landlord for profiteering, not for fearing a racketeering firebug. Perhaps they paid fifteen or twenty dollars extra for the dining-room set, thus offsetting the wholesale company's loss in the last fraudulent bankruptcy. But they never thought of that.

The clerk who swapped his ten shares of Tel and Tel for the handsome certificates of a non-existent copper mine in South America, the would-be financier who subscribed to the tipster sheet that made a double killing by selling its own doubtful stocks, the hard-headed business man who paid $500 for his name in a puff sheet, the ambitious girl who entered the phony correspondence school which trained for Hollywood, the laborer who joined a questionable union, the harassed matron who paid to have her lost dog searched for, the wistful parvenu who bought advertising space in a never-published social directory—all helped to buy new automobiles for racketeers. These and countless other rackets are in addition to the bootlegging, dope, and prostitution industries.

In Chicago, racketeering means pineapples, incendiarism, and murder. New York is more suave. There glib tongues, crooked lawyers, and slippery dodges daily harvest the bumper sucker crop. "Clipping the lilies" is the term. It is not uncommon for a sucker to be gouged double, by an invitation to help trim the man who swindled him. The laxity of police and the apathy of prosecutors combine to aid the racketeer, who, according to the *World,* has established himself in nearly all fields of human endeavor. He is everywhere, except in jail.

Bigger, Better Universe

THE CLASSIFICATION of the entire known universe, from the smallest to the largest entity, is the good-sized problem just worked out by Professor Harlow Shapley, noted Director of Astronomy at Harvard. Now, presumably, the Professor will take a rest.

Man tends to divide the parts of the great existing whole into two categories, the things that are minute and those that are large—for example, the electron, the atom, and the molecule; the planet, the star, and the galaxy. This, of course, is a remnant of the old homocentric idea, man being the arbitrary criterion of size. But nature knows no such bisection of her constituent parts, no microcosm and no macrocosm; she is all one.

Professor Shapley's new classification is too complex to reproduce entire. The chief popular interest lies in the macrocosmic end of it. If we start with planets and pass to stars and then to double stars we reach "galactic clusters." These include several kinds of local knots of star population within our own Galaxy, the milky way. Skipping other details we come next to whole galaxies. This is Class 6 on Professor Shapley's list and the interesting thing, showing how rapidly astronomers have been expanding the known world of matter, is that a generation ago the whole classification would have stopped here. On we go, however, to "super-galaxies," then "groups of super-galaxies," and finally the universe.

A generation ago this word "universe" meant the sum total of things known to exist, and, according to Professor Shapley's classification, it still does. But this is merely because each time astronomers have widened the universe the connotation of the word has been promoted. Many scientists and popular writers still apply the word universe or universes to galaxies, now known to be comparatively minor groups. Perhaps the perplexed public would find the whole matter less confusing if Mr. Shapley would now create out of the void of nothingness a collection of brand new names for these greater and greater astronomic entities his science (and largely his own research) has been revealing. "Universe" has lost its meaning.

Remarkable Remarks

The collapse of the stock market can be a blessing in disguise.—REV. DR. ALBERT FITCH.

You will learn sooner or later that you cannot crash the gates of happiness.—ROGER W. BABSON.

I suggest the need of increasing the purchasing power of our principal customers—the American people.—HENRY FORD.

It is sheer humbug to claim that reductions of navies bear any relation to peace.—DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.

When I hear people talking about the impossibility of war between England and America I can almost hear the guns going off.—BERNARD SHAW.

Only a people who are strong and calm can work usefully for peace. —PREMIER ANDRE TARDIEU.

The temptation to go to the devil increases with age.—PRESIDENT A. LAWRENCE LOWELL.

I firmly believe that if the necessity arises, we will grow men in test tubes from the ordinary chemical units now on the shelves of our laboratories.—DR. JOHN BROADUS WATSON.

You kiss your wife to show you still love her. She knows how much you love her without being kissed; yet she likes it.—WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.

In Brief

FOOTBALL season's over; must be about time for school to open at Notre Dame. . . . "Stocks reacted," says Leroy D. Peavey, President of the Babson Statistical Organization, "because business is beginning to decline." "Declining business," says Stuart Chase, "was not responsible for declining security prices." Or, to put it more briefly, yes and no. . . . The Hawley tariff bill, declares Democratic Leader Jouett Shouse, "really should be called the Grundy-Reed tariff bill." If the aim is to be clearly descriptive, it really should be called the Rundy-Greed bill. . . . The United States, which attended six League of Nations conferences in 1928, seems to be going firmly ahead with its policy of keeping out of the League while keeping as close to it as possible. . . . If the Gillette Safety Razor Company fulfills its plan of establishing a factory in Russia it's

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going to be a mighty crushing blow to hundred per cent American cartoonists. . . . "When I die," Clemenceau told one reporter, "none of you fellows will know anything about it." It might have tickled the Tiger's somewhat grim sense of humor to know that news services not only knew about his death soon after it happened, but, incorrectly, knew about it and broadcast it several hours before it happened. . . . Looks like an off-white Christmas.

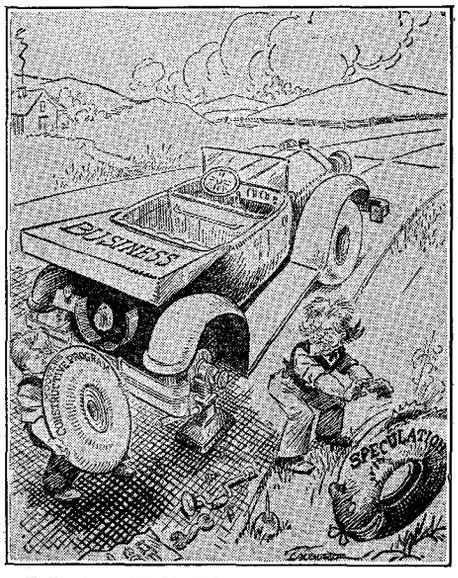
Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE FIND President Hoover to be receiving general commendation for the swiftness and sureness with which he moved to prevent the stock market crash from developing into a panic of serious proportions. Even his most querulous critics grant that he has begun to live up to some of the glowing advance notices of his executive ability and imaginative gifts, and the presidential press agents denounced on the Senate floor are happily hailing their honored selves as prophets without honor among the Democrats. The President's performance impresses us all the more noteworthy because it is in such striking contrast to the lackadaisical leadership he has given his party and Congress since March 4. What, we are now inclined to ask, does it hurt a President not to be a politician of the petty and practical sort so long as in an emergency far more dramatic and distressing than a tariff or farm relief controversy he can command such forces as capital and labor, and earn thereby the gratitude of the working man and his wife!

We do not think Mr. Hoover anticipated such success as an agreement on the part of capital not to reduce personnel or pay rolls, or a promise from labor not to ask for more money. We understand his modest hope in summoning producer and worker to the White House was to stage a prosperity pageant which would "get over" the idea that the collapse of security prices carried no threat to the country's economic security. In so many words, we are informed, he admitted it was simply a psychological experiment. We submit, however, that events of recent days mark an industrial milestone, and we concede that Mr. Hoover deserves a great share of credit for his part in setting up that marker. To our mind, the recent White House conferences forced employers, willy-nilly, to recognize the new relationship existing between themselves and their employees, and for that we believe Mr. Hoover merits much praise.

The recent symposium, however, merely marked formal recognition of the change. It began eight years ago when Mr. Hoover, as Secretary of Commerce, sponsored the idea of mass production and mass sales through his efforts for standarization of manufactured articles, and also provided required markets through his development of foreign trade. We think it no exaggeration to say that Mr. Hoover helped to inflate industry and gear the machinery of production to its present unprecedented pace. It was, to some degree, the tremendous profits resulting from this industrial expansion which brought on inflation of securities. America overcapitalized its industrial progress; it spent as feverishly as it toiled. When the working man had supplied himself with necessities and luxuries, he took a fling at securities. That, to our mind, represents one of those "cycles" on which Mr. Hoover dotes.



Talburt in N. Y. Telegram.

That's better!

Now, although the manufacturer's natural reaction is to retrench, as he did in 1907 and 1911, he discovers that he cannot afford to. Mr. Hoover, we understand, pointed out the implications of the speeding-up process inaugurated only a few years ago at his suggestion. He apparently convinced industrial executives that they cannot afford to permit heavy investments in rebuilt factories and additional machinery to lie idle, or to let skilled workmen get away from them. The factories and machinery will transform raw material into profits, and not eat up past dividends, the President suggested, only if the manufacturers themselves provide purchasing power in the form of high wages and continued employment. So that, for the first time in the history of depressions, we find manufacturers agreeing to keep wages and production at a high level. Industry looks on the working man with new eyes, seeing him in his dual nature of laborer and buyer. It may seem a simple enough lesson, but we understand it was a painful one for some who sat around the Cabinet table.

We find poetic justice, and suspect the President does, too, in his attempt to excommunicate Wall Street from the circle of constructive agencies in business and industry. In almost every pronouncement, we noted, Mr. Hoover stressed that the stock market fluctuations were phenomena quite distinct from real commercial and industrial activity. He barely stopped short of characterizing exchange operations as "gambling" after the manner of Tom Heflin. We do not know whether he has succeeded in convincing the public that Wall Street is an unholy place, but he made a good attempt. In it he had the enthusiastic co-operation of Henry Ford, ancient foe of the bears and bulls and money lenders. The Detroit sage, we noticed, even violated presidential orders by utilizing the White House threshold to gain nation-wide publicity for his theory that nothing good comes from the vicinity of Broad and Wall Streets. Mr. Hoover, we fear, cannot forget that the great financial interests staged a last-ditch fight to prevent his nomination. We wonder if, by any chance, he has heard the humorous comment on certain bankers' part in the speculative movement, which is to the effect that Trinity churchyard has been renamed "Mitchell Field."

A. F. C.

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The "Precious Volume"

The Life of Mary Baker Eddy

By FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

The defection of Wallace Wright, an early convert, was followed by the far more serious break with Richard Kennedy, the first strong disciple. Coincident with this parting, the doctrine of malicious Animal Magnetism, or Demonology, appeared in Christian Science ideology. The career of the leader was temporarily affected but within three years the first edition of "Science and Health" was published and a society was formed calling itself for the first time Christian Scientists. This is the fifth instalment of "According to Flesh"

IN THE SPRING of 1872, immediately following upon the Wright controversy, Richard Kennedy tore up his contract with Mrs. Glover and left her. This will hardly come upon the reader as a great surprise. The reasons for his leaving are not exactly clear, and again the reader will hardly be surprised to hear that the authorities disagree upon the cause of the break.

On the one side it is claimed that he grew tired of Mrs. Glover's exactions, of her domineering ways, and that he took her to task for making claims that she could not substantiate. This, it is said, led to ill feeling, and further attempts at domination on her part. The story is told that they went one night to play cards at the home of Miss Magoun, who had married the year before and was now Mrs. Dame; Kennedy and Mrs. Dame were partners and Mrs. Glover and Mr. Dame. Kennedy and his partner played the better game, and Mrs. Glover, never willing to admit that she was beaten by any one, lost her temper and accused Kennedy of cheating. This caused the young man great embarrassment before his friends, and coming after a long sequence of minor annoyances, it brought his patience to an end. When they reached home that night there was a scene, and Kennedy took his contract with Mrs. Glover, tore it up, and threw it into the fire, announcing that he would no longer be bound by it. Mrs. Glover threatened and entreated, but to no avail, and even fell to the floor in a swoon, but Kennedy remained unmoved.

As the card party was on Thanksgiving night, 1871, and their separation did not take place until sometime in the spring of 1872, they must in some way have healed the breach sufficiently to continue the activities of their partnership for several months. This reduces the card party episode to the status of an occurrence which must have been one among many, but sufficiently dramatic to have persisted through the years. It does, however, suggest that all was not well between them.

It is nevertheless unreasonable to believe that the disagreement that caused this separation, (the echoes of which resound throughout the history of Christian Science and its Leader), could have been based entirely upon Mrs. Glover's temperamental shortcomings, which must, after all, have been evident throughout their relationship.

In the interval between Thanksgiving and their final separation the following Spring, the controversy between Wright and Mrs. Glover had taken place. There is evidence to show that this controversy may have had as much effect upon the situation as any display of temper on Mrs. Glover's part.

The Authorized Life states that their separation was not due to a quarrel, but to "a gradual divergence of views."

The break with Richard Kennedy marked the entrance into Christian Science ideology of the doctrine of Malicious Animal Magnetism, or Demonology. Kennedy presently became and remained for Mrs. Glover the "Chief of the Demonologists." The steps by which he reached this elevation are clearly set forth in Mrs. Glover's own published works. Every effort has been made to suppress and live down her violent personal diatribes against Kennedy in the early editions of her text book. Without knowing the actual facts of her relationship with Kennedy, it is impossible to say how directly the break between them was responsible for this intrusion of the doctrine of "M. A. M." into what was until that time a theory of the power of Divine Love. The personal animus displayed by Mrs. Glover against Kennedy certainly argues more than a mere "divergence of views."

Nevertheless there was a distinct divergence of views, which, played upon by their personal differences, became so intense that its effect was to inject a definite dogma of evil into the eventual Church.

Wallace Wright had accused Mrs. Glover of teaching mesmerism. She had defended herself against the charge by denial and counter-attack, the method which characterized her defenses ever afterward. Accused of extravagant claims which she could not substantiate, and counseled by Kennedy to be less sweeping in her claims, she replied by repeating her claims in still more extravagant form. Her system was an absolute system. It had no limitations. Nevertheless, she was affected by the wide publicity of the Wright statements. And her students were affected as well. Wright had his friends among them who defended his point of view. In the first edition of *Science and Health* Mrs. Glover says that the Wright accusation caused her to examine into mesmerism, "in contradistinction to our metaphysical science."

The argument seems to have come to rest upon a particular point of the healing method employed. Mrs. Glover had followed implicitly, so far as she was able to comprehend it, the method of her master. She even taught her students to "rub the patient's head" as Quimby often did. One of the manuscripts which formed her instruction (*Scientific Treatise on Mortality*) gave explicit instructions on the point. The practitioner was to hold calmly and persistently to the "scientific" idea, meantime to wet the hand in water and rub the patient's head. This rubbing "has no virtue only as we believe and others believe we get nearer to them by contact." The students are admonished not to address their thoughts to the body as they "mentally argue down the belief and manipulate the head," but to "allow science to destroy error," etc. The manipulation her students seem to have had no difficulty in comprehending. The "science" offered more difficulties.

It is clear that neither Quimby nor Mrs. Glover considered manipulation a necessary part of the healing art. "I never said it was the principle. It was

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a part of the method that I taught," Mrs. Glover later said. Both Quimby and Mrs. Glover, as well as their respective followers, healed at a distance, the "absent treatments" of today.

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DANIEL HARRISON SPOFFORD
Who took Kennedy's place as Mrs. Eddy's chief advisor

Young Wallace Wright, determined to stand once more upon his intellectual feet, may have made a little research into the current authorities on the subject of mesmerism, and so brought forth the fact that mesmerism, specifically, as distinct from other forms of hypnotic practice, was distinguished by the fact that it was always practiced "with manipulation,"—passes in the air, and rubbing the body to establish the "magnetic current," directed by the operator. He may then have reminded Mrs. Glover that Quimby had at one time been a mesmerist, and asserted his belief that since Quimby used and she continued to teach "manipulation," they had both been engaged in the practice of mesmerism.

Challenged now to clear both her master and herself from the charge of mesmerism, she asserted again (as she had done before in reply to Wright's questionnaire), that Quimby had "made the science his research for twenty-five years, starting from the standpoint of magnetism thence going forward and leaving that behind." Challenged to substantiate the last statement, and feeling her power threatened, she may hardly have cared to admit that the three manuscripts embodying the "metaphysical science," copies of which she furnished to her students under bond not to show them, and which formed the basis of her course of instruction for which she charged three hundred dollars, were in the case of one, at least, Quimby's own words, and the other two, if not his words, in essentials also his.

Quimby would have enjoyed the argument, but Mrs. Glover had neither his self-possession nor his stability of character. Her world was falling about her head. Richard Kennedy no longer bowed his will to hers. Unable to sustain the integrity of her position, she cried persecution. Her method of defence was to deny, and the "scientific" method of defence is denial and the cry of persecution to this day.

It was at this point that she ceased to credit Quimby with the theories she taught, and to assert her claim to the authorship of the manuscripts. It is true that she had removed Quimby's name from the "Questions and Answers" manuscript (called *The Science of Man*) at the time she began to teach in Lynn, yet it is said that she often credited Quimby with the authorship of all three manuscripts, and certainly when asked, as in Wright's questionnaire, she did not hesitate to credit Quimby as her source. But now with rebellion in the ranks, and her authority jeopardized, (she had worked so long for this success!) she proclaimed herself the author of both theory and manuscripts. Not too loudly, to be sure, for there were many in Lynn to remember the days of her "pupilage." Richard Kennedy himself had studied from the "Questions and Answers" in Amesbury when it bore the heading "Extracts from Doctor P. P. Quimby's Writings" in Mrs. Glover's own hand.

Among the documents in the possession of the Quimby family the present writer came upon a yellowed letter, the ink long faded brown:

Peabody, Aug. 19, 1872.

To the Widow of the late Dr. Quimby

Dear Lady you will I trust pardon the freedom taken in my thus addressing one to whom I have not been formaly introduced, but the interest felt by me in the Science discovered by your Husband and practiced so long with such marked success, moves me to force myself upon your notice. Some six months ago I studied the science as taught by a Mrs. Mary M. B. Glover, the wife of a Dr. Patterson, Dentist, but now bearing the first name Glover instead of Mrs. Patterson. She was cured by Dr. Quimby some three years before his decease. She has been teaching the science in Lynn for two years back. The great interest I have felt in the science—coupled with some Queries as to whether the science as taught is the same as practiced by your husband—she claims to be the Author of the Manuscripts she gives her students, but some doubts on my mind move me to look up the fountainhead of the truth. Now, Dear Lady, occupying as you do this honored position being hair to your Husband's Ideas as well as Estate, permit me to ask you, is Mrs. Glover in possession of the Dr.'s original Manuscripts, if so has she them by right or do you still hold them in your possession. I hope so. I cannot help thinking that your memory must be stored with many facts which would shed light on the science. Furthermore the Dr. with such a mind as he had must have penned many facts growing out of his long experience too valuable to be lost to the great family of man. The fact that a stranger should represent a principle discovered by another and be reaping the fruits of such discovery when the reals Hairs of the discoverer seem to be lost sight of or left out, moves me to write to you.

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WALLACE W. WRIGHT
He denounced Mrs. Eddy's Science as mesmerism

Your answer to the above questions I think would be of service to truth and Science and settle some queries in the

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mind of one who desires to know and do Justice to whom Justice is due.

I am yours truly,
Peter Sim.

Please let me hear from you soon.
Peabody, Mass.

This is the earliest documentary hint of Mrs. Glover's eventual denial of Quimby this author has been able to find.

This new claim, probably among those "extravagant claims" which Kennedy said later she could not substantiate, could only have widened the breach between them, and added fuel to their personal differences, already near to the breaking point.

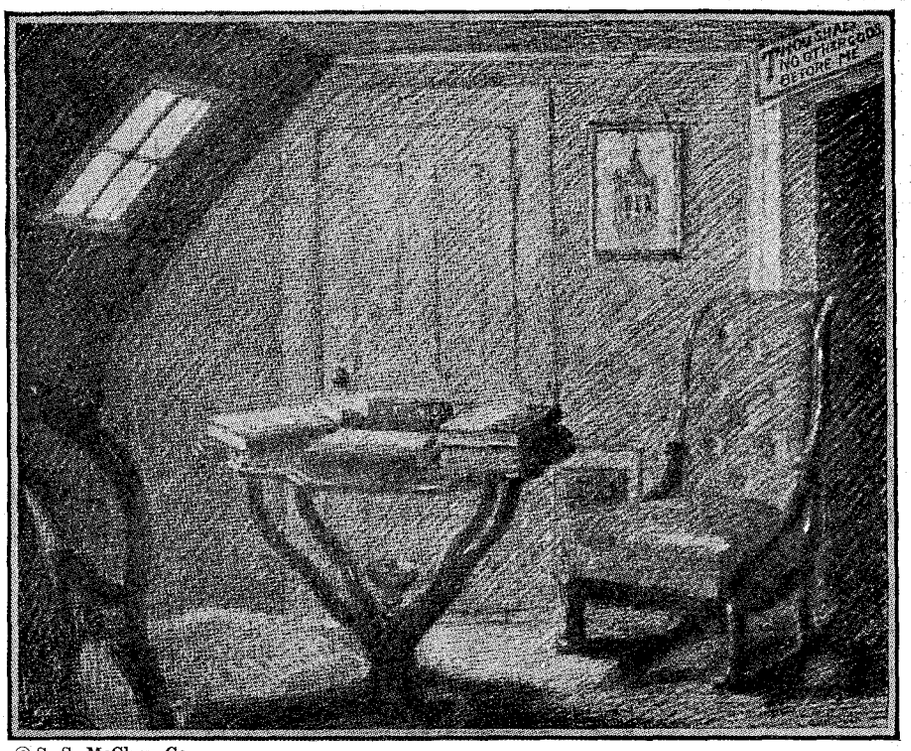
Kennedy was young and popular. His patients were standing by him loyally. This shocked and frightened Mrs. Glover. Was his power to prove stronger than hers? The Wright accusations had frightened her, and when frightened she was never entirely rational. Now an echo of something she had read or heard during the controversy with Wright came back to her. Mesmerism-Manipulation. Much had been written of the dangers of such methods in the hands of unscrupulous operators. It provided the means (contact) to gain control over the minds of patients. Richard Kennedy seemed to exercise some strange control over the loyalties of his patients. He may even have had control over a particular patient or patients that had long ago roused Mrs. Glover's jealousy. (Here enters again the problem of their personal relationship, which must have been an emotional one at least on Mrs. Glover's part, since no ardor for her cause can explain the hatred she had for Kennedy through the years).

Mrs. Glover now struck out of her instructions all that pertained to manipulation, and forbade her students to use it, or physical contact in any form. She had convinced herself of its danger. The Wright controversy had convinced her of its danger to the reputation of her Cause.

Kennedy refused to give up the method. He saw no valid reason to give it up if it aided his practice. He had been using it with success, and felt that he could not heal without it. Moreover, his patients objected to giving it up. And now Mrs. Glover was convinced. He had confessed. He had been using it "with power," "with a direction of the will." He was a mesmerist. Kennedy moved to another office and continued to practice with manipulation as before. Mrs. Glover denounced him openly as a malpractitioner and mesmerist, and thenceforth apparently believed that he was an enemy to the Cause of Truth.

Kennedy himself testified in court some six years later that he had understood no part of Mrs. Glover's teaching but the manipulation. This was no doubt an overstatement on his part. Since he continued to practice mental healing independently for the rest of his life, and met with continued success, it is hardly credible that he had learned nothing from Mrs. Glover but "manipulation and the use of water," unless there be some efficacy in these things that we know not of. As indeed there may be. The "laying on of hands" has had a long and impressive history.

The desertion of Kennedy, coming upon the heels of the Wright controversy, had a serious effect upon Mrs. Glover's career in Lynn. She was without a partner, and among the students who had remained loyal to her there was no practitioner of sufficient power to assume the place left vacant by Kennedy. Their settlement had left her with about $6000 in cash, and although she continued for a few months in the old rooms, she presently gave them up and for the next three years lived frugally, husbanding her savings, teaching in parlours, doing some healing, gaining new followers, divorcing Dr. Patterson, writing at her book, futilely seeking a publisher, and gathering her forces for a new attack upon the resisting world.



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"THE SKYLIGHT ROOM"
In which Mrs. Eddy completed the first edition of "Science and Health"

Early in April of the year 1875 a curved purple and gold sign reading "Mary B. Glover's Christian Scientists' Home" appeared above the arched doorway of a two and a half story frame dwelling house at No. 8 Broad Street in Lynn. It announced to the world that Mrs. Glover and her Cause had returned to the scene of action, and were by no means dead as had been so confidently announced.

Mrs. Glover had received the deed to the house on the last day of March, paying $2850 in cash for the title and assuming a mortgage of $2800. She had moved in at once, aided by her band of faithful students.

The ground floor was let to tenants, and Mrs. Glover used as her study the "little skylight room" on the third floor, a room since become well known to all her followers, and celebrated as the "upper room" in Lynn where their leader finished the first edition of *Science and Health,* and labored over the second and third editions by candlelight.

Mrs. Glover was now surrounded by

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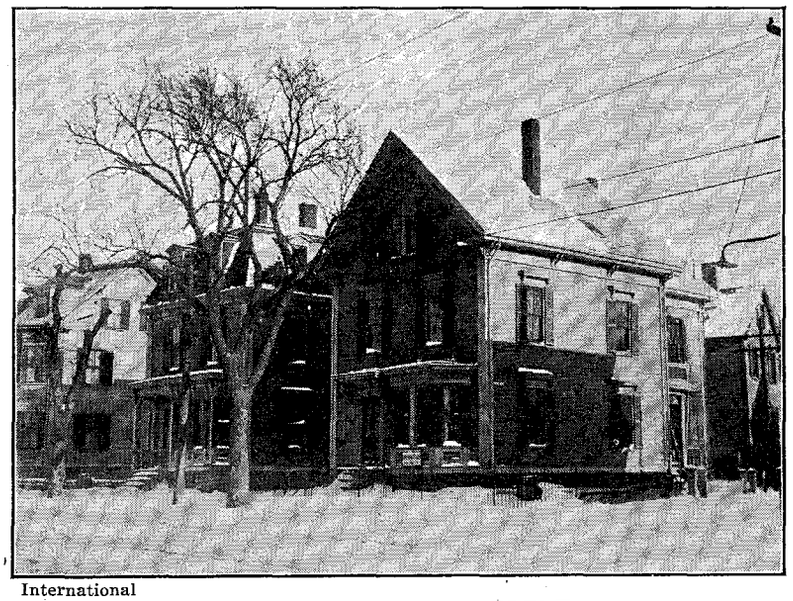
a small but devoted group, among them Mrs. Miranda Rice, Dorcas Rawson, George W. Barry, three whose loyalty had stood the test of the trouble with Kennedy. Mrs. Glover had healed young George Barry of tuberculosis, and his gratitude was so great and his belief in his benefactress so strong that he was at her service continually. He and Dorcas Rawson had arranged for the purchase of the house. He took over the details of the moving and furnishing, attended to business matters, ran errands, sent out notices, and copied over twenty-five hundred pages of closely written and interlined manuscript for Mrs. Glover during her revisions of *Science and Health*. He called her "Mother," and his love and gratitude overflowed into poetry addressing her, "O Mother mine!"

As if to celebrate this gallant return to life, the last chair had hardly been set into the house when the chosen disciple promptly appeared. He was Daniel Harrison Spofford, thirty-three, grave and quiet of manner and voice, fine-featured and delicate,—as gentle as Richard Kennedy had been exuberant. Mr. Spofford had been brought to see Mrs. Glover during the first year of her partnership with Kennedy, and his interest had been aroused. He was, however, leaving for the West to work in the open, and from the friend who had introduced him to Mrs. Glover, he procured copies of the manuscripts from which her students studied, and had carried them with him wherever he went during the next three years in the West. He had now returned to Lynn, and having worked out a system of his own with the aid of Mrs. Glover's manuscripts and other studies of a transcendental nature, was now beginning to put some of his ideas into practice among his acquaintances. Hearing of his work, and perhaps remembering him as well, Mrs. Glover sent him a polite note inviting him to join her next class, and receive her "instruction in healing the sick without medicine, without money and without price." This was not unusual. Although she charged $300 for her course of instruction, she did not let inability to pay stand in the way of a promising student. Many were healed and taught by her without pay, but for this they gave their passionate loyalty to the leader and her cause.

Mr. Spofford responded at once and entered the first class taught at No. 8 Broad Street, which began in April, 1875. Of those classes Mr. Spofford said long years after he and Mrs. Glover had gone their separate ways, that no price could be put upon what Mrs. Glover gave her students and "that the mere manuscripts which he had formerly studied were, compared with her expounding of them, as the printed page of a musical score compared to its interpretation by a master."



International

NUMBER 8, BROAD STREET

Mrs. Eddy's house in Lynn, Mass., where the first Christian Science organization met

Already familiar with the essential tenets of the new metaphysical system, Spofford now applied himself to the study, and within a month after he had entered the class, opened an office in Lynn. His sign read: "Dr. Spofford, Scientific Physician." His success was immediate, and before the year was over he had offices in Boston, Haverhill, and Newburyport.

Mrs. Glover appreciated her good fortune in the acquisition of so intelligent and valuable a disciple and showed her appreciation in many ways. She addressed him as "Harry" signed her notes to him "Mary" turned many of her students over to him for instruction in "Scriptural Interpretation," and later presented him with the gold pen with which *Science and Health* was written. She entrusted him with her business affairs, and sought his advice on all occasions. Here, at last, was some one who could be relied upon, and would do credit to her Cause as well.

On June 1, of that year, a meeting of the students was held at the Broad Street house for the purpose of arranging for a hall in which to hold public meetings. Daniel Spofford's memorandum of the resolution adopted at this meeting, and of the formation of the society calling itself for the first time Christian Scientists reads as follows:

"Whereas, in times not long past, the Science of Healing new to the age, and far in advance of all other modes was introduced into the city of Lynn by its discoverer, a certain lady, Mary Baker Glover.

"And, whereas, many friends spread the good tidings throughout the place, and bore aloft the standard of life and truth which had declared freedom to many manacled with the bonds of disease or error,

"And, whereas, by the wilful and wicked disobedience of an individual, who has no name in Love, Wisdom or Truth, the light was obscured by clouds of misinterpretation and mists of mystery, so that God's work was hidden from the world and derided in the streets.

"Now, therefore, we, students and advocates of this moral science called the Science of Life, . . . have arranged with the said Mary Baker Glover, to preach to us or direct our meetings on the Sabbath of each week, and hereby covenant with one another, and by these presents do publish and proclaim, that we have agreed and do each and all agree to pay weekly, for one year, beginning with the sixth day of June, A.D., 1875, to a treasurer chosen by at least seven students the amount set opposite our names, provided nevertheless the moneys paid by us shall be expended for no other purpose or purposes than the maintenance of said Mary Baker Glover as a teacher or instructor, than the renting of a suitable hall and other necessary incidental expenses, and our signatures shall be a

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full and sufficient guarantee of our faithful performance of this contract."

(Signed)

Elizabeth M. Newhall	$1.50
Dan'l H. Spofford	2.00
George H. Allen	2.00
Dorcas B. Rawson	1.00
Asa T. N. Macdonald	.50
George W. Barry	2.00
S. P. Bancroft	.50
Miranda R. Rice	.50

In addition to the passing of this resolution, it was decided to rent Templar's Hall, Market St., the first regular meeting to be held June 6. The memorandum of the June 6 meeting, which was the first public meeting, records that "there were probably sixty in attendance at the meeting this evening." At the second business meeting of the students, held on June 8, the society was formally organized. Mr. Spofford's memorandum of this meeting reads:

June 8—At the meeting this evening, George H. Allen was chosen president, George W. Barry, secretary, and Daniel H. Spofford, treasurer, the society to be known as the "Christian Scientists."

Of the ten dollars subscribed, Mrs. Glover was to receive five dollars for her weekly lecture, and five dollars was to go toward incidental expenses. After the first few lectures in Templar's Hall, a number of Spiritualists began to attend. In the discussions which followed the lecture, the Spiritualists persisted in asking questions which annoyed Mrs. Glover, and she decided after the fifth lecture to abandon public meetings altogether.

Now Mrs. Glover was at work in earnest in the little skylight room. George Barry was at work in earnest writing out a fair copy of the crowded pages that came from the leader's pen. For the "precious volume" was to be published at last. George Barry and Elizabeth Newhall, another of the close group of students, had agreed to advance $1500 for its publication. Daniel Spofford acted in the capacity of publisher. So many changes were made in the proofs by the indefatigable Mrs. Glover, that the publishing cost of the edition, which consisted of one thousand copies, came to $2200, Miss Newhall and Mr. Barry also paying the added amount.

The first edition of *Science and Health* appeared late in the year of 1875. It consisted of 456 closely printed pages divided into eight chapters, and a preface. The present editions of *Science and Health* contain fifteen chapters and the Key to the Scriptures consisting of four chapters, not added until many years later. Seven hundred pages in all, exclusive of the preface.

In essentials, that is to say, in the fundamental statement of the theory, in style, and in most of its arguments supporting the essential theory, the last edition of *Science and Health* does not differ from the first. It is only in such matters as come legitimately and directly into the tracing of the actual life history of Mary Baker Eddy, that the editions differ materially. Mrs. Eddy has said that she is to be found only in her writings and certainly the various editions of *Science and Health*, as well as her many other published works, do furnish us, whether intentionally or not, with a history of her career.

IT IS SAID that if any man were as original as he likes to think of himself as being he would be confined in a madhouse. The attempt to attribute not only the ideas but the style of *Science and Health* to Swedenborg, to the Shakers, to Emerson, Berkeley or Bronson Alcott has hardly been worth the time that has been spent upon it. The volume has three plainly discernible sources,—the Holy Bible, the literal-fanciful mind of Mary Baker Glover, and the homely vigorous writings of Phineas P. Quimby whose ghost haunts the Christian Science textbook from its first edition to its last. In the first edition of 1875 the ghost speaks plainly out in Quimby's voice.

In terminology, analogy, and theory, the debt is plain. Many of the absurdities in the first edition are due to her admiration for the homely vigor of Quimby's statements, crossed with her "flower of author" style. These absurdities, encountered throughout the book, often serve to give it the effect of a transcendental parody. "Epizootic," says Mrs. Glover, "is an educated finery that a natural horse has not." Such things cheer the reader on through the many confusions, repetitions and contradictions of the statement of her theories. Even these confusions, repetitions and contradictions are oddly reminiscent of Quimby's hurriedly jotted notes. They lack only his immediacy and actuality of experience, a very great lack indeed. For nine years Mrs. Glover had labored to make a clear statement of Quimby's theories of healing by Divine Science or "Wisdom," (a word used noticeably often in the first edition of *Science and Health*, and noticeably seldom in the editions later on); yet a reading of *The Quimby Manuscripts* (edited by H. W. Dresser and published by T. Y. Crowell in 1921)† haphazard and unorganized though they are, will illuminate the first edition of *Science and Health* as nothing else can do. The Manuscripts are indeed to be recommended to those searchers who have found Mrs. Glover's subsequent writings both contradictory and obscure.

The reader will even find a reference to Quimby, a little odd, perhaps, but very kind, in the first edition of *Science and Health* (P. 373).

"In defense of mesmerism is urged, that Dr. Quimby manipulated the sick. He never studied this science, but reached his own high standpoint and grew to it through his own, and not another's progress. He was a good man, a law to himself; when we knew him he was growing out of mesmerism; contrasted with a student that falls into it by forsaking the good rules of science for a mal-practice that has the power and opportunity to do evil."

Mrs. Glover goes on to say that Dr. Quimby had died years before there was a student of "this science," and that he had never, to her knowledge, "informed any one of his method of healing." She says that the only practitioners of "this metaphysical science today" have been her students, but that "through wrong doing" some of them had "dimmed their pure sense of Truth."

"The cloud no larger than a hand" had cast its shadow over Mrs. Glover's book. It rests most heavily upon the final chapter bearing, paradoxically in this respect, the title "Healing the Sick." The chapter begins with a diatribe against her enemies, or those whom she conceives to be her enemies —thinly disguised references to Kennedy, to Wright, to all her recalcitrant students still using "manipulation" in their practice, and all these referred to as "mal-practitioners" and "mesmerists."

"We thank Wisdom, that revealed

(Please Turn to Page 558)

† Editor's Note:—Correspondence between Mrs. Glover (then Mrs. Patterson) and Dr. Quimby, published in the Outlook and Independent for Nov. 13, was taken from the same source.

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New "Grade System" in German Prisons

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

UNDETERRED by her defeat in the World War and the chaos through which she has passed since the Armistice, Germany has found time to attend to a matter of enormous sociological importance, which, one might suppose, demanded a normal state of affairs. Despite the collapse of the German Empire and the substitution for it, amid turmoil and bankruptcy, of the German Republic, she has contrived to do her part toward advancing the cause of prison reform.

Leading German penologists, working hand in hand with government officials, have for some time past been evolving a scheme for making good citizens out of prison inmates at once so ambitious and enlightened as to entitle it to high rank among recent developments in penological science. As a result of experiments begun in various German prisons as far back as the summer of 1925 and conducted steadily ever since, this new system—officially called "Strafvollzug in Stufen" or "Punishment-Infliction by Grades"—was introduced, on October first of this year, in all the prisons of Berlin, the capital of Germany. It will be extended in the near future to all other prisons in Prussia and later, probably, to those elsewhere in Germany.

Its basic idea is to educate prison inmates so as to make them, after their release, law-abiding and orderly members of the community. This transformation is not something that is to become apparent only after the prisoner's release, as a result of influence brought to bear on him during his incarceration, but something wrought upon him once for all *before his release.*

Therefore, those evolving the new system have gone beyond creating a series of privileges for good conduct extended to prisoners while serving their sentences. Though they have included plenty of prison privileges in their system, the principal object is to instill into prisoners found worthy of taking the course an understanding of what it is all about, a realization not merely that good conduct will bring pleasanter prison conditions but also—if the prisoner shows himself deserving—will restore him, after release, to good standing in the community.

The new education is to be severely restricted to prisoners deemed worthy of it. Old offenders in whom the tendency to criminality seems ineradicable, as well as persons of unsound mind, are rigidly excluded from it.

There are three "grades" in the new system. Upon being admitted to prisons all prisoners are placed in Grade I. There those deemed worthy of having the new system applied to them are separated from the rest and put in a special class.

For six months they get no special privileges, but all that time the most exhaustive investigations are made of their past. Not content with having them fill out questionnaires, those in charge of the prison obtain all possible data concerning each case from prisons where previous sentences have been served, legal aid societies, prisoners' aid societies, welfare clubs, etc.

At the end of the first six months those whose conduct has been good get a number of special privileges, including increased pocket money, permission to write and draw and permission to keep their rooms lighted until a later hour than that allowed unprivileged inmates.

If all has gone well in Grade I, prisoners are moved into Grade II—known as the Promotion Grade. There they enjoy increased privileges, including a week's furlough yearly, during which they may visit their homes and wear clothes almost exactly like those of ordinary citizens. Surveillance is also diminished and prisoners are permitted to elect officers to whom a good part of the duties previously exercised by guards is delegated. All the while, however, they are kept under careful observation for the purpose of determining whether they are worthy of benefiting further from the new grade system.

Finally comes Grade III—known as the Exit Grade, for it is a preliminary to release. Every prisoner entering it is on the high-road to freedom. Shortening of his sentence is almost a foregone conclusion, if all goes well with him in Grade III.

There he enjoys a whole series of special privileges. He is allowed two weeks' furlough yearly, during which he can dress like an ordinary citizen and do pretty much as he pleases. Moreover, he may be allowed, at the discretion of the prison authorities, to work outside the prison, returning every evening to his prison quarters. For such work he is entitled to pay and there is less and less restriction on what he is allowed to do with money received for his labor. In Grade III, moreover, surveillance is even more relaxed than in Grade II and the officers elected by prisoners from their own ranks take upon themselves a still larger part of the duties formerly exercised by the prison guards.

All the while each prisoner remains under observation and the successive reports on his case—if satisfactory—are each a further step toward his emergence from incarceration not only long before the time originally set in his sentence but in the guise of a man with no prison stigma attaching to him.

Derelictions, though, are rigorously punished. Escape or attempts at escape automatically relegate prisoners enjoying the benefits of the system from Grade II to Grade I, or from Grade III to Grade I. Minor offences committed while a prisoner is in Grade II, may cause him to be set back a grade, and like offences may entail the transfer of a prisoner already on the road to freedom from Grade III to Grade II, with a corresponding loss of advantages gained and lessening of his prospects of early release.

If, during a prisoner's stay in any one of the three grades, those studying his case arrive at the conclusion that he is unworthy of benefiting further from the new system, he is excluded without further ado from the ranks of those to whom the system is being applied and placed among the inmates already adjudged unworthy of admission even to the lowest grade. But special care is taken not to visit such punishment on prisoners merely for ordinary offences against prison regulations, etc.

It is too early to judge of the value of this new German penological reform since it has been in operation only a few weeks in a few German prisons. The German government has instructed those applying it to submit exhaustive reports next spring on progress made and lessons learned.

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Market Letters

By CARLTON A. SHIVELY

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Shively, the contributor of this page, reports on Wall Street for the New York Sun

IF ANY ONE lost money in the stock market (and who didn't?), he scarcely can blame his broker for not giving him advice. Whatever his wishes may be, a broker is rarely allowed merely to act as a broker. Clients expect him to do something more than to buy and sell stocks at the official commission rates; they also wish his advice. Often it is very good advice; but sometimes, alas, it is given partly with a view to stimulating business.

No broker likes to see a client lose money, for a dead goose lays no golden eggs. Sometimes, however, the egg in hand is rated higher than the prospect of the bird's performance.

Including out of town firms, the Stock Exchange membership consists of approximately 550 commission houses. Nearly a hundred prepare a daily "market letter." About half as many send out weekly letters to their clients. In addition to these regular letters, numerous houses circularize their clients and the public at large from time to time with special analyses of the general stock market situation and of individual securities.

While it would be a mistake to rate a firm's "conservatism" by whether it issues a market letter, as a rule the brokerage partnerships which have a limited clientele do not go in for market letters. The market letter writer is in greatest demand at the commission houses which maintain "board rooms" (rooms given over to the convenience of clients, provided with tickers and blackboards on which are posted price changes) and which have so many individual accounts that the personal touch is out of the question.

Sometimes the market letter is nothing more than a typewritten sheet or half sheet hung up in the board room, and is not given general circulation; strong objection is made if any of it is reprinted in the newspapers. But perhaps a third of the daily letters are sent out solely for advertising purposes; in fact, many of them are distributed through advertising agencies. Such letters are rarely longer than a sentence or two and contain such equivocal statements as: "We are bullish for the long pull;" "the trend now appears to be upward, but discrimination is necessary;" "we would not become overloaded;" "buy on reactions" and "sell on rallies" and other such reminders of the indisputable fact that the way to make money in the stock market is to sell stocks for more than you pay for them.

Inadvertently or otherwise, when a letter writer has to pound out from a half page to a page a day on the market, sooner or later he says something which can be "pinned on the firm." Still, few remember longer than twenty-four hours what brokers say in their letters, and there is a good deal to the cynical view of the trading fraternity that brokers write their letters on the idea that "it pays to be bullish, for if you are wrong, you will be forgiven; but if you are bearish, you will be disliked even if you are right."

The typical daily market letter is written by a sort of glorified customer's man who is entrusted with the task of putting into business pulling language the general ideas of the partners. In some instances the letter writer is given leave to use his own judgment, and some of the best ones are so written. In the main, the weekly letters are carefully prepared by competent statisticians and keen observers of the Wall Street show. Many are helpful economic treatises, containing sound investment advice, and are read by serious people.

Daily letters are designed primarily to attract the quick turn trader, and are given to the dissemination of tips rather than of investment information. Many a tip which its owner thinks comes "straight from the feed box" in reality has its inception in the mind of a commission house letter writer.

While some market letters rarely if ever mention individual stocks, most of them do. The majority of brokerage houses with a large public following advise their customers and the Street at large what stocks to buy or hold and when. One well known house's letter is awaited eagerly each morning by a large number of other houses, because this particular letter not only scores a good percentage of hits, but the mere fact that it picks a certain stock to go up is enough to raise the price of the security at least temporarily. The house swings enough buying power among its customers to move sometimes substantially a stock with a small floating supply. Letters from some houses also are carefully read for some clue as to the activities of large market operators who are known to favor those houses with much of their business. But any one is welcome to all the money he makes on that score.

Consistency is not regarded as a jewel in the preparation of market letters. However, the man who refuses to change his mind often in Wall Street is not considered a good "risk" in the speculative game. Conditions affecting individual stocks and the market as a whole change too often and too rapidly to allow any one the luxury of consistency.

Making due allowance for the exigencies of the market, customers sometimes feel dizzy trying to follow courses plotted in market letters. If they buy and sell when advised to do so, they often have to change their positions too rapidly to fatten their credit balances, however much they may contribute to commission charges.

One house which does a good-sized business has on numerous occasions sent out a letter before the opening of the Exchange, countermanded it by telephone or telegraph an hour later, and within another hour replaced it with another taking a stand exactly opposite that of the first letter, capping it all the next day with a restatement of the first guess.

Some letters reveal as much literary skill as financial acumen, but a few are woefully lacking in both. A typical example of the latter class follows:

"In a consistent but orderly manner the market is resolving itself into a base where it is expected prices will mill around for a while. In all bear markets prices gradually begin to creep up, attracting little notice until finally the structure becomes solidified, and the list starts with more courage to move in a broad manner to higher values."

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Clio, Grave and Gay

THE CONTRIBUTION which the past year has made to popular literature on the Elizabethan period, in such books as Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex,* Hackett's *Henry the Eighth,* Katharine Anthony's *Queen Elizabeth* and the delightful *Elizabethan Journal* compiled by G. B. Harrison, is further enriched by the publication of *Edward Coke: The Oracle of the Law,*[1] by Hastings Lyon and Herman Block. "Coke on Littleton" is a phrase familiar even when mysterious to every one who has had any connection with a law-student. On that commentary upon the work of his fifteenth century predecessor, and upon the other writings of Edward Coke, generations of lawyers have been trained. Coke played a prominent part in the legal and political history of his time. He took part in the prosecution of Essex and, later, of Raleigh for treason, of Robert Carr and the younger Lady Essex for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, that unsolved poison mystery which still engages lovers of detective stories, of Guy Fawkes and his fellow conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. And before his death he had a share in the beginning of the contest with the Crown which ended with the death of Charles the First on the scaffold. Coke's interest in that contest lay in his passion for the common law of England and the legal rights of Englishmen. As in *Elizabeth and Essex,* Bacon, during the period which covers his life, appears almost as prominently in this narrative as does its hero. He and Coke were always rivals and often active antagonists. The Oracle of the Law appreciated Bacon's legal attainments, but ignored his other and greater ones. And "the spider" could not tolerate Coke's high-handed independence or understand his forthright honesty. Messrs. Lyon and Block, in their excellent biography, have built up a complete and brilliant human background of Elizabethan and Jacobean England. Coke was a native of Norfolk (one remembers more recent "Cokes of Norfolk") and, living near Norwich, center of English wool-trade, married, as his first wife, Bridget Paston, descendant of that Merchant of the Staple the correspondence of whose family is an invaluable source book on fifteenth century social history. During her life time, his connection with court circles was a purely professional one.

From "White Africans and Black" by Caroline Singer and Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge (Norton)

He could turn a faltering phrase in a formal speech before Elizabeth, but he was no courtier. But after Bridget's death he married Lady Hatton, winning her from under Bacon's outraged nose, and thereafter became a figure in circles where court and politics met, frequently involved, through his ambitious wife, in typical Tudor intrigues. He was, however, a lawyer first and last whose sole passion was the common law of England, and his biographers have caught the essence of that passion although they never lose sight, in the lawyer, of the man among his fellow men. Of Coke, Bacon, his lifelong enemy, said, "Had it not been for Sir Edward Coke's reports . . . law by this time had been almost like a ship without ballast." And Milton, in a sonnet addressed to Coke's son in law, refers to him thus—

"On the royal bench
"Of British Themis, with no mean applause
"Pronounced and in his volume taught,
"Our laws."

One of the most fascinating books published last year was D. B. Wyndham Lewis's documented survey of the life and works of Francois Villon. Pursuing his interest in fifteenth century France, Mr. Lewis has now come to its greatest political figure, and in a new book, *King Spider,*[2] he presents some aspects of Louis the Eleventh of France. This is the king in fustian and peaked hat trimmed with images, whom the romantic novelists have so distorted in their mirrors that even historians have been confused and have turned one of the greatest kings France ever had into a monster of cruelty and meanness. The historical importance of Mr. Lewis's book cannot be called great, because his book throws no new light on Louis' reign. The point of view which it sets forth is the same which is to be found in M. Pierre Champion's book, published here recently in a translation and adaption so poor as to convey no idea of the brilliance of the original. Mr. Lewis may disabuse the casual reader of errors concerning Louis, but his chief value is as a sort of go-between for modern readers and past ages. His is a splendid mixture of scholarship and passion which carries the reader who is anything of a student of history along in a flood of eager delight, and which must inspire even the most

1. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., $6.00.
2. Coward McCann, $5.00.

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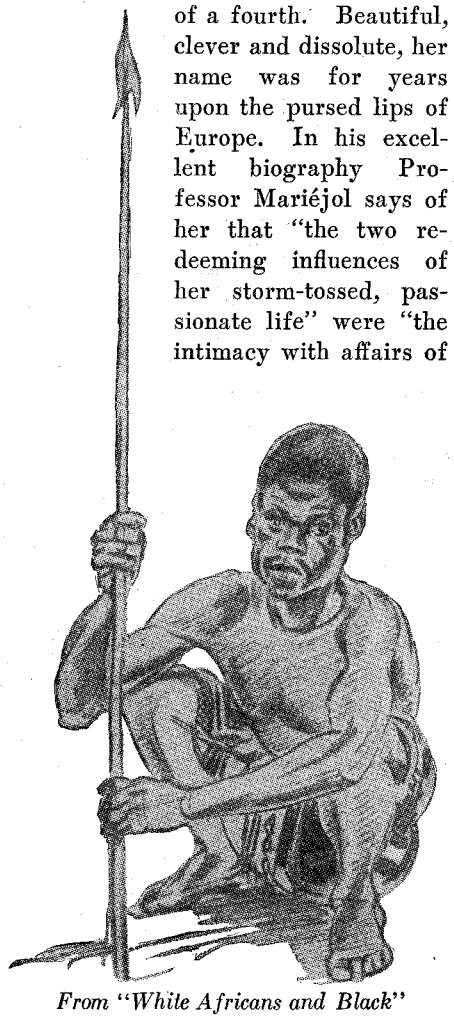
reluctant with a reflected enthusiasm. Along with the virtues of a work of passion, *King Spider* has some of the defects. It is not quite free from the faults of temper which marred an occasional page of the Villon, and it is not unfailingly accurate. (For instance, Richard the Third of England is described as Edward the Fourth's nephew. He was, of course, his brother. But this may be only the result of Mr. Lewis's prejudice against things English.) But the qualities which enrich the book are rare and precious ones, and in admiration of them, its minor faults are forgotten. Mr. Lewis divides his book into a picture of the background, so convincing that it is hard to believe that he did not live, himself, in fifteenth century France; a sketch of the House of Burgundy, Louis' most dangerous enemy and most complete victim; a biographical essay on Louis, that great lover of France; selections from the King's letters, which are of much interest; sketches of three of Louis' familiars, whose lives so well illustrate "the lavishness with which he rewarded faithful service among them," Commines, Louis' friend and historian, and Olivier le Daim, well, if not truly, known to readers of *Quentin Durward;* of three ecclesiastics, Balue, the tale of whose twelve years in an iron cage at Loches is apocryphal, Basin, who lived to malign Louis in a history of France, and Friar Maillard, the French Savonarola; and of three artists, van Ockeghem, composer of secular and religious music, Gréban, author of a mystery play dear to students, and Villon. To these is added a critical essay on Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, tales told at the Court of Burgundy while Louis, as Dauphin, lived there in voluntary exile. These stories, familiar to all readers of medieval literature, and many of them to be found in other forms in other western literatures, were formerly attributed to Louis. They remind one of the stories in the *Decameron* and *Heptameron,* and are, as Mr. Lewis says, the medieval form of the traveling salesman-smoking room story of today. Lusty, bitterly ironic, thoroughly nasty and sometimes very funny, they were as dear to Louis as his illuminated *Books of Hours,* and his treatises on venerie.

King Spider is as absorbing as the most exciting romantic fiction. Its author is "rara avis," a romantic scholar who can write.

Running down the columns of French history, we come to *A Daughter of the Medici,*[3] whose story is told by Professor Jean H. Mariéjol, and translated by John Peile. This particular daughter was also a daughter of the Valois, an older heritage. She is the Marguerite de France, daughter of Catherine de Medici, who was sister of three kings and wife of a fourth. Beautiful, clever and dissolute, her name was for years upon the pursed lips of Europe. In his excellent biography Professor Mariéjol says of her that "the two redeeming influences of her storm-tossed, passionate life" were "the intimacy with affairs of state and the love of letters." In both these, she resembled her great aunt, the Margaret in whose court Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour served as maids of honor and who wrote the *Heptameron.* The second Margaret lived during the most perilous days of Renaissance France, when the religious wars were drawing to a close and when France might have fallen to the Protestant side of the Condés, Montmorencis and d'Albrets, or to the Catholic side of the Guises. Actually it fell between the stools, to Henry of Navarre, Margaret's husband, who found the crown worth a mass and forsook the Protestant faith to be king of France. The guests at Margaret's wedding feast were busy with whisperings of St. Bartholomew; and that bloody tocsin rang before the echo of her wedding bells had died on the air of Paris. Hating her husband scarcely less than her brothers, although she afterwards claimed to have saved him that terrible night, Margaret had her finger in every sort of troublesome pie. She was finally divorced, quite willingly, ostensibly for her failure to produce an heir for her Bourbon husband; and, happy for the first time in her life, lived out her days in comparative peace. Her amours became less conspicuous, her plottings changed to conciliatory gestures, her love of letters and the arts grew fruitful. At her castle of Usson, her "ark of safety" as she wrote her former husband, she was the center of a literary group where Platonic idealism reigned and which included Montaigne and the d'Urfés (one of them author of that tedious romance, *Astrée,* which must be read by students of the novel). Ronsard celebrated her in rhyme. Clouet painted her portrait. Professor Mariéjol's biography reads easily. Not fictionalized, dependent, indeed, upon many extracts from Margaret's memoirs and from the comments of her contemporaries, it runs in fluent narrative, picturesque and vivid.



From "White Africans and Black"

With little break the line of such admirable popular biographies as these slips into good historical fiction. Readers who took our advice, recently, and bought or borrowed *Crouchback* will find the same period of the Wars of the Roses forming the background for *The Merchant Prince,*[4] by H. C. Bailey. This is the story of a youth who, turning his back upon a brilliant opportunity to be a soldier and to go in high places, chose to be a bargainer and trader, and of how he rose to success and without disservice to others, served himself. The tale is exciting enough and plausible, and the hero's character is cleverly developed. He is given sufficient bravery and boldness to balance his rather homely ambitions, and goes as grandly as any belted knight. But the book is best for its fully colored picture of middle class life in fifteenth century England. It is well written, without tiresome mannerisms, and with a sprightly use of dialogue, and we commend it to lovers of historical novels.

In pure quiet prose which suggests long and loving reading of our language when it was cleaner and stronger,

3. Harper and Bros., $4.00.
4. E. P. Dutton and Co., $2.50.

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Dorothy Glaser has told in *Brother Anselmo*[5] four tales out of the past, both stirring and touching. Brother Anselmo, living in his quiet Franciscan library near Avignon, reads and reflects upon the power of books, and his reflections display a philosophy familiar and acceptable to all inveterate readers, for Brother Anselmo sought to escape life and found that even from dusty pages it reached out and touched him. Dubious of his vocation, he thought of leaving the cloister for the army. But he read the story of Evreux des Baux, a terrible tale of strange warfare, and abode within the walls. He considered the missionary field until he read of one missionary who placed pity above soul-saving. He dreamed of being Pope, but an old tale of one Ghostly Father who yearned for a son of flesh and blood dissuaded him. Finally he questioned the monastic life and the tender story of Gentile, the loving shepherd, taught him that love, like life, chooses his own. This little volume has a simple grace of format as of contents which will endear it to readers fortunate enough to come across it. It should find a place on some Christmas lists.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

Behind the Blurbs

THE LIFE of a man in high office who disliked publicity, and never in his fifty-odd years of public service gave a press interview, should be worth reading on that count alone. But Lord Newton's *Lord Lansdowne*,[6] a typical English "Life and Letters," has other claims to consideration. It is solid without being dull, and will add something to your knowledge of British foreign policy in the past half century. ❧ ❧ ❧ There is nothing either immature or precocious about Raymond Radiquet's *The Count's Ball*,[7] although the author died at twenty. It's an interesting specimen of the "new classicism" in post-war French literature,—a study of the usual French triangle, but on a highly moral, and at the same time highly sophisticated plane. ❧ ❧ ❧ If you're not air-minded it's time you got that way. You'll find a thorough groundwork for air-mindedness in *Sky High: The Story of Aviation*,[8] which takes you entertainingly and understandably from da Vinci to Lindbergh. ❧ ❧ ❧ D. B. Wyndham Lewis's *King Spider* is the Catholic Book Club choice for December. ❧ ❧ ❧ Publication of *All Quiet On the Western Front* in Italy has been interdicted by special order of the government. Czechoslovakian and Austrian military authorities refuse to admit it into soldiers' libraries. ❧ ❧ ❧ Harpers plan a series of 20 illustrated vols. entitled *The Rise of Modern Europe*, by American historians, and emphasizing the influence of the U.S. on the course of European history. ❧ ❧ ❧ The December offering of the Book of the Month Club is Bernard Fay's *Franklin*. ❧ ❧ ❧ And the members of the Literary Guild will be made happy with the Random House edition of Voltaire's *Candide*, with illustrations by Rockwell Kent. It's a beautiful book. ❧ ❧ ❧ A new publishing house, Richard R. Smith, Inc., leaps into the book field with a general list of fiction and biography in view, although it will begin with college textbooks and religious books. It has purchased the religious department of Doubleday, Doran. ❧ ❧ ❧ E. Alexander Powell has written a book on Canada which will be pub. in the spring. ❧ ❧ ❧ And as for Norman Angell, he has written a book called *The Story of Money*,[9] which tells very simply and readably the story of money from wampum to the Federal Reserve Bank. We read it for the same reason we read stories about the South Seas—we never expect to have any experience with either of them. ❧ ❧ ❧ A popular account of recent great archaeological finds in Egypt, Greece, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor and elsewhere, is to be found, well presented (if we discount a slight tendency on the authors' part to pun and wisecrack) in *Magic Spades*.[10] An amazing amount of digging has been going on since the war, and the story of it makes interesting reading. ❧ ❧ ❧ American architecture probably owes more to Charles F. McKim than to any other one man. His life was bound up with the general artistic development of America. St. Gaudens, Abbey, Gilder, La Farge, MacMonnies were his friends. *The Life and Times of Charles Follen McKim*[11] is an entertaining and authoritative biography, as well as an account of a period which is now definitely past. ❧ ❧ ❧ One of the nicest books to give a child for Christmas (or a grown-up, for that matter) is *The Goldsmith of Florence*.[12] It tells the stories of various crafts and of great craftsmen—Cellini, Della Robbia, Paul Revere, Frank Koralewsky among others. The illustrations are profuse and magnificent, and particularly interesting are those which show successive stages in making a helmet, a wood carving, or a copper bowl. A child who possesses this book will gain unconsciously a foundation for the formation of good taste. ❧ ❧ ❧ Caroline Singer and Cyrus Le Roy Baldridge have made a beautiful book *(White Africans and Black*[13]*)* of a 14-months' trip down the Gold Coast, up the Congo, and through to the Red Sea. There are over 250 reproductions in Aquatone of Mr. Baldridge's drawings and paintings. A splendid Christmas present. ❧ ❧ ❧

WALTER R. BROOKS

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway: Scribners. No one interested in the course of contemporary literature will miss this fine novel. The scene is the Italian front during the World War. Reviewed Oct. 16.

Whiteoaks of Palna, by Mazo de la Roche: Little, Brown. Another vivid story of the Whiteoaks family which solves some of its problems. Reviewed Sept. 11.

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque: Little, Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War. Reviewed June 5.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole: Doubleday, Doran. Walpole's London and Polchester are the background for this story of a middle-aged writer who was caught in "things" and how he freed himself.

Another Day, by Jeffery Farnol: Little, Brown. Modern story of love and adventure in the manner made famous by The Broad Highway.

Non-Fiction

The Tragic Era, by Claude Bowers: Houghton, Mifflin. A vigorous, careful and dramatic study of the Reconstruction. Reviewed Sept. 11.

July '14, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This deals with who was responsible for the World War, and finds that all Europe was guilty.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, by David Loth: Brentano's. Clever rather than scholarly, this chronicle of a gorgeous period is nevertheless vivid and of absorbing interest.

Marriage and Morals, by Bertrand Russell: Liveright. A courageous and valuable study of modern marriage which should be widely read. Reviewed Oct. 23.

Richelieu, by Hilaire Belloc: Lippincott. His Career is contrasted to that of Bismark and other great diplomatists of modern times.

5. Payson and Clarke, Ltd., $2.50.
6. Macmillan, $8.50.
7. Norton, $2.50.
8. By Hodgins and Magoun: Little Brown, $2.50.
9. Stokes, $5.00.
10. By Magoffin and Davis: Holt, $5.00.
11. By Charles Moore: Houghton Mifflin, $6.00.
12. By Katharine Gibson: Macmillan, $5.00.
13. Norton, $10.00.

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Americans All

"THE AMERICAN RACE is extinct," wrote Joseph Pennell on one of the sour days after he had drunk "2 Whiskies (Haig and Haig), 1 apricot brandy, 1 cocktail, 1 Madeira wine—1850, and 1 more whisky," or had resigned from some club in a huff or found that his book was not selling, "and the mongrels who have overrun the land are the lowest breed of crosses between niggers, Jews, dagoes, Chinese and imbeciles and dregs of the near East." As usual, Pennell was absurdly wrong in his facts and accidently right in his conclusions. The American race—if one means by that a perfected pattern of graphic artists à la Pennell or of undeviating Puritans according to Stuart Sherman or of patriotic prigs like Mr. Benson's hero—*is* extinct not because there has been a fanciful invasion of half-breeds but simply because it never did exist.

It is no accident that of almost thirty American biographies the only ones which have any value or interest as character portraits and social documents are those—a scant third—which refuse to model their subjects on heroic prototypes. It is, rather, the obvious result of complete emphasis on the individuality of a character that his common humanity and distinctive Americanism become both valid and personal.

Nowhere is this clearer than in Thomas Beer's *Hanna,* (Knopf, $4.00) which is hereby recommended to the Pulitzer Prize Committee as the best biography of the year—and of the decade. Mr. Beer's genius and knowledge enable him to achieve a convincing revelation of the taciturn politician and a brilliant interpretation of the garrulous era between the Civil and Spanish-American wars. His portrait is fuller than Lytton Strachey's Essex; his background drawn deeper, more colorful and more varied. Everything is incidental to his theme yet all things seem inextricably bound with it. His deft unfolding of the Lincoln legend, his astute exposure of Bryan as a mouldering mummy, and his bold ejection of Roosevelt as a horrid mess in the thoroughfare of American politics are but brighter spots in a coherent mosaic.

The dominant tone in this mosaic will be recognized by readers of the other biographies again and again. It colors the lives of Franklin and Webster and Emerson, of General Sherman and Louis Brandeis and Alice Meynell as well as of Ethan Allen, Houston, Hawthorne, Carry Nation, Pennell, Alfred E. Smith, and Gordon Taylor; its absence in the lives of Van Buren and Polk and Mrs. Eddy, of Bryan and George Harvey, Calvin Coolidge and Stuart Sherman is likewise a striking characteristic. It is a distinguishing American trait. It is the Puritan essence which the fully assimilated Dutchman and Jew and German, Scot and Irishman and Negro, accepted as their inheritance whenever they were strong enough to bear its special pleasures and burdens. It is that intense forthrightness compounded of integrity and courage.

In men of ideals, Emerson and Brandeis, it reaches asceticism; in men of affairs like Franklin, Webster, Hanna and Al Smith, it is crystalized in a personal code of honor which may admit much that any of us consider reprehensible but which will not permit anything that violates the particular code. In simple men such as Allen, Houston and Taylor it finds expression as naïve, Quixotic honesty; and in fools like Carry Nation and Pennell it is merely a blatant insistence on their peculiar prejudices. It may include corruption and bribery, intrigue and betrayal, "coalition of the Puritan with the blackleg" as Randolph charged John Quincy Adams, but it is absolutely incompatible with hypocrisy.

This Puritan influence on American life is an inner force and it must be distinguished from Puritanism as a label under which hypocrisy seeks cover. But labels make a poor and porous cloak. This is best illustrated in Paxton Hibben's informative and intensely interesting biography of Bryan, *The Peerless Leader,* (Farrar and Rinehart, $5.00). From the time Billy Bryan asked another boy to carry whisky for him to the harvesters on his father's fields to the Dayton trial hypocrisy was his means of escape from the religious, economic and political problems that confronted him. Mr. Smith, whose autobiography, *Up to Now,* (Viking, $5.00) is unfortunately niggardly in those disclosures of facts and opinions which he alone could and should furnish, does speak at some length about Bryan, "…. an opportunist. Byran did the thing that helped Bryan. When he found it convenient for his own purpose to assail Tammany Hall and Wall Street, he did so, but when he was a candidate himself no man ever cultivated the support of Tammany Hall more than he did. . . ."

JOHAN SMERTENKO.

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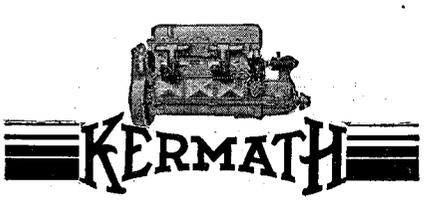

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

THE GOOD, old "Wages of Sin Is Death" story gets a new treatment and according to "Playchoice" (the new play of the month club) an excellent one, in *Veneer*, Hugh Stange's, contribution to Broadway drama. With which dictum we can agree in part, after turning our more or less jaundiced eye on it this week.

Described, we believe, as the Girl In the Public Library play, it varies by that much from the wellknown thread bare yarn of Faust and Marguerite. For Faust is a cheap, worthless Manhattan Flashy Dresser this time; and romantic Marguerite lives alone and works in the branch library. And when they have lived, without benefit of clergy, for three months in their sordid love nest, on her money, the inevitable awakening comes; the desertion, the discovery of the coming baby—and suicide. Which provides Henry Hull, as the seducer, an opportunity to return to the dark flat, repentant and heart bruised, unaware that Marguerite's stillness is that of death—and to give this reviewer at least one of those rare, moving moments which remain in the memory long after the name of the play is forgotten. We shall not forget that moment of grief; nor Henry Hull's display of rare ability.

In fact, three quarters of the play possesses that authenticity of touch which comes only from honest playwrighting. Not even the movie-like manner of its presentation—in many scenes, each one fading abruptly into an opaque, blue lighted square of gauze once the scene has reached its climax—not even this affects the conviction of the faithful reproduction of modern upper Manhattan life which the dialogue and people give the beholder.

Mostly, here are three dimensional people—not cardboard cartoon characters as in *June Moon*. In dance halls, at Coney Island, on the Hudson River day boat, they move and have their often boob-like being. But they are presented mostly from honest observation for what they actually are. With two exceptions, they are genuine; unpleasant, perhaps, or laughable; but not figures upon which the playwright may exercise his superior wit.

It is the misfortune of the play that of the two exceptions, one is the heroine herself—and the other is her elderly Major-Dobbin-like admirer who is supposed to have acquired the wisdom that comes from experience of life itself, but who in reality, we were soon convinced was just our old Sunday School Superintendent in a pop-eyed disguise, working now for a platitudinous living spouting Mr. Stange's aphorisms. When playwrights feel they have to do this sort of thing, we prefer large God Bless Our Home samplers hung upon the stage temporarily, so that the distinction between the life of the characters and the moralizings of the dramatist can be made clear to all.

Since this gentleman was not often on the stage, however, we could have been brave about his few appearances, had the Marguerite of the piece possessed the convincing reality of the Faust. But instead she interspersed her remarks about loving Faust with statements that he was down in the gutter; viewed herself and her life with intellectual detachment in the midst of scenes when emotion was supposed to carry her away, and generally presented a picture of the way a playwright wants his heroine to believe and feel rather than of that heroine inevitably experiencing life according to the pattern of her nature. The pity of it is that her seducer, Charlie of the adaptable, not to say deceitful nature, seemed to us the real thing in character drawing.

It is to the credit of Mr. Stange that despite unevenness in character drawing he still makes clear and tragic the essential basic difference between Charlie and Aline—between the realist who lies to everybody except himself in order to create an illusion, a veneer of romance; and the real romanticist who sees the world and its people in the colors with which she herself paints them.

Here is a gulf fixed—and a tragic marriage in any society.

Along Broadway

WE LIKED:
- Many Waters
- Strictly Dishonorable
- Sweet Adeline
- Bird in Hand
- Journey's End
- Little Show
- Street Scene
- Porgy
- Karl and Anna
- It's a Wise Child

WE FOUND ENTERTAINING:
- Gambling
- Scarlet Pages
- Let Us Be Gay
- Hot Chocolates
- Whoopee
- Sketch Book
- Follow Thru
- Candle Light
- June Moon

WE CAN'T RECOMMEND:
- Jenny
- Among the Married
- Street Singer
- New Moon
- Criminal Code
- The Channel Road
- A Wonderful Night

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Kiss"

JACQUES FEYDER directed Greta Garbo in this silent picture and stepped forthwith into that tiny organization, the D. A. T. D. (Directors Admired by This Department).

M. Feyder is, it seems, a Frenchman, and *The Kiss* is his first American job. He was greeted, we should guess, at quarantine by a committee from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scenario department, who handed him the script of *The Kiss* and addressed him as follows:

"Pleestmeechu, Mr. Feyder, here's your Garbo continuity. Don't let it throw you. With Garbo, remember, you don't hardly need a story. We never gave her one yet, and look what we grossed off her already. Fly to it, kid, and, say—save that script; we'll be needing it again."

Mr. Feyder reads *The Kiss* on his way to Hollywood. "Bonne Nuit," he murmurs into his beard.

Presently, he meets Miss Garbo—and his spirits return. "Enfin," he reflects, "they were right. The story, she needs it not."

So, he sets calmly and efficiently to work, photographing Greta Garbo's entrancing face and body, and surrounding her with objects strangely appropriate to her. He is a master of settings, of lights; he is a wizard with the camera. His genius with the mechanical accoutrements of picture making is particularly evident in this piece where scenes and close-ups are "shot" from odd, unusual angles, and where there is displayed a marked sensitiveness to the grouping of persons and of inanimate objects. But never does he lose sight of the fact that what the public wants in a Greta Garbo picture is Greta Garbo, and his own personality and method are submerged to precisely the right degree.

If we have, thus far, conveyed that *The Kiss* is a mediocre picture exceptionally well directed, that is what we intended. If we have failed to say much about Greta Garbo, that is because we ran out of adjectives two years ago. We have compared her to Duse, Cavallieri, Mrs. Siddons, Helen of Troy and Venus, and then ground our teeth because we hadn't made it strong enough.

When some one invents a fool-proof asbestos pencil we shall order a gross and write a real piece about Greta Garbo, the best actress in the world. And then, throw it in the stove, as weak, futile and anemic.

"The Love Parade"

THIS IS THE second of Maurice Chevalier's all-talking and singing pictures and presents this unusual entertainer in the rôle of a diplomat who marries the strong minded young queen of Sylvania. He becomes, thereby, prince consort and a nonentity, but, in the end, brings his royal spouse to his feet.

The Love Parade was directed by Ernest Lubitsch and for the most part is a very Lubitsch piece of work, with all the sly touches, drollery and pageantry that have brought fame to this adroit German. Its weakness is in the fact that, being a vehicle for the melodious Chevalier, it must be musical. There is something inexpressibly embarrassing about it when the quick stepping Lubitsch action is interrupted by song-numbers—even those of Chevalier himself. The songs are good enough and one of them, "The Love Parade," is extremely good (albeit strongly reminiscent of "Allah's Holiday"). But they don't seem to belong to the characters who sing them or to be sufficiently cued by the preceding scenes. The net result is a picture that many of M. Chevalier's most devoted admirers will find curiously annoying.

There is so much that is vastly entertaining in *The Love Parade* that we feel no hesitation in recommending it, however. Chevalier is marvelous, as he always is, and Jeannette MacDonald is tuneful and ornamental, although she is perhaps more responsible than any one else for the moments of acute discomfort that the picture affords.

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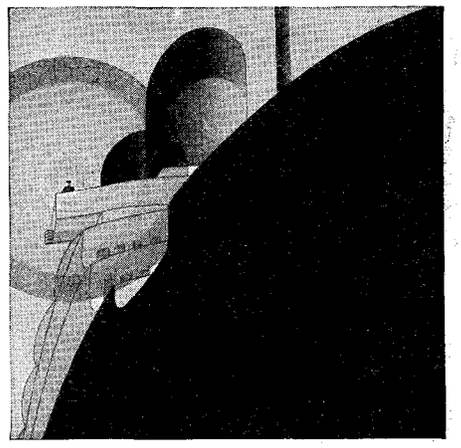
Sweetie: A foolish, but light-hearted comedy with music, featuring Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie and Helen Kane.

The Love Doctor: A very so-so farce, with Richard Dix and others.



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By

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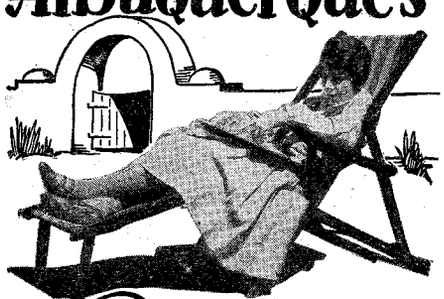

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By W.R. BROOKS

WE HAVE SEEN a steel cash box that will give any burglar that touches it a lifetime of regret. When you lock it you set an alarm that rings a loud and burglar-terrifying alarm if the box is moved. It will ring for four hours, and can only be stopped with the key. The box is of cast steel and is lined with red. There are several compartments.

A NEW WINDOW ventilator, made of Scotch linen which lets in air and keeps out dust, rolls up into a container at the side of the window, just like the shade, only horizontally. That seems a little obscure, but perhaps you will be able to get the idea. It's called the Roll-a-Vent.

IN SPEAKING RECENTLY of a kitchen clock which runs a year on a ten-cent battery, we made a serious arithmetical blunder. We said it cost about three hundredths of a mill per winding. And "Figure it out for yourself," we added. And lo! a gentleman in Wauwatosa did figure it out for himself and discovered that we had put the decimal point in the wrong place. It should have been three hundredths of a cent. "Figure it out for yourself, Mr. B.," he writes. "But you never can be an accountant for me." Humbly we bow our diminished head. And yet we will stand by our decimal point, even though we acknowledge it misplaced. If any reader was induced by our glowing account to buy one of these clocks, under the impression that it would cost him only $0.00003 per day to operate, and has then found that it will cost him $0.0003 per day, we will cheerfully reimburse him at the end of the year the amount of the difference, multiplied by 365, less 25% for the number of nights he forgot to wind it up. But we shall certainly ask the gentleman from Wauwatosa to figure the amount due.

WHEN YOU'RE taking a bath and are about half soaped, it is extremely irritating, is it not, to have the soap slip out of your hand, and to be obliged to fumble and grope and finally dive in order to recover it. Well, you don't have to do that any more, because there's a floating bath soap on the market called Bubbles. It's fragrant and comes in pink, blue, green, orchid and yellow, (to match your bathroom color scheme) very attractively wrapped.

RADIRAK IS A device which attaches to a radiator. It has three rustless arms on which you can hang small things you want to dry out quickly—stockings, baby clothes, etc. When not in use the arms fold down between the radiator coils where they are out of the way, and almost out of sight.

VERY USEFUL IS the pinfeather picker—a pair of tweezers made of steel, with which you can make the pinfeathers out of a large turkey in record time. Much more efficient than fingers.

WE HAVE SEEN AN umbrella rack that is attached to the inside of a closet door and will save you a good deal of fumbling and crawling about on closet floors. The lower rod, fastened near the bottom of the door, has cups for eight sticks or umbrellas, and the upper has eight openings for handles, each with a latch which holds them in place. If anybody has that many umbrellas.

THE SERVEX IS A combination spoon and fork, hinged in the middle, which is helpful in serving all sorts of hot things at the table, and also in getting such things as baked potatoes and green corn out of oven and hot water respectively.

THERE IS AN electric corn popper on the market, in which, after you're through popping, you can make a candy mixture to pour over the corn. Unless, like ourself, you take yours straight, with plenty of melted butter and salt. Popcorn balls and candied popcorn are to us simply gilding the lily.

A NEW AND SIMPLE way of making waffles when they have to be done at the table on an electric waffle iron under the critical eyes of guests is to mix up the batter and put it in one of those Sparklets bottles and when you are ready, just squirt it into the pan. Also if the guests are still inclined to be critical, you can with a simple turn of the wrist, as if by accident, plaster them with batter, producing an all-over effect more coarsely obtained in the early comic movies with custard pies.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Freak

HE MUST have thought to himself early in life—well, here he was in this strange body; what was he going to do about it?

As a man considers a misshapen estate he has inherited, or a foreign country whose ways must be acquired, or the stubborn secrets of an alien star, this man's spirit must have puzzled over its crippled house.

He had no arms. The creatures who lived and moved about him went unconscious of their ease. If they dressed or ate, built themselves houses or embraced their children, they knew only the act. Or, if they thought of means, it was in terms of clothes—food—lumber—family. Never arms.

He himself had legs, a strong body, an excellent head. He had more than these, he had a talent; a struggling, baffled talent that used his eyes and brain to gather pictures, and then could find no hand to set them down.

A hand with five fingers was what he needed. The nearest to it, in his list of possessions, was a foot with five toes. He acquired the habit of staring at his feet, thinking; moving his toes, experimenting.

He learned slowly, using his clumsy, unaccustomed feet as a baby begins to use its hands. At first he could only clutch a pencil; gradually he learned the trick of holding it; finally he began to draw. The lines he drew were mis-directed and uncertain, the results not at all what he intended, but practising day after day he slipped at last into the miracle of co-ordination. His toes unconsciously obeyed his mind.

Meanwhile, he was finding other uses for his new hands. When he chanced to see an expert card player dealing out cards, he taught his feet to deal cards in that fashion. He no sooner felt an admiration for good marksmanship, than he determined to learn the use of firearms. He became an excellent shot. And presently, he found himself famous.

For the world enjoys nothing more than a good show, and suddenly it discovered an armless man who had learned to live without hands and had become accomplished with his feet. A man who could play cards, shoot a gun or draw pictures! The world pressed more closely to see the novelty. For at last the great circuses had heard of him.

The spirit of the man, stronger than affliction, was bewildered with his triumph. After all, he had learned many impossible accomplishments but he had never learned to make his living. Now he had the opportunity to be rich, to travel, to be looked at—marvelled at—admired. The thought of the future dazzled him. In triumph and bewilderment, he signed the contract.

For years now, the armless artist traveled with the circuses. Men with mouths wide and arms hanging at their sides passed by and gaped at him. Women stared and shuddered, pushing their children vacantly ahead of them.

They stared at the toes that dealt so dexterously a pack of cards—at the toes that pressed so accurately upon the trigger of a gun. They stared at the armless body and shuddered.

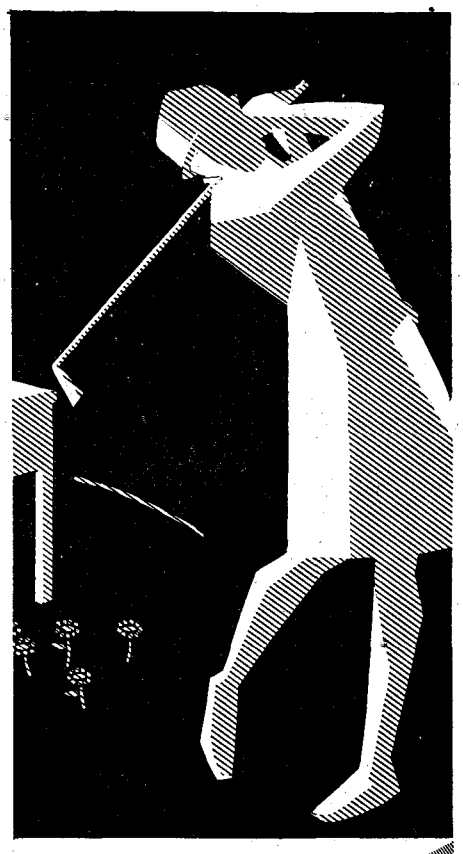
He had made no count of miles or time when he went home—the circuses behind him—to think it over and grow old. For his life had become a great puzzle to him. It was plain to see that all the effort of his spirit had been to make himself like other men. And yet the crowds had flocked to look at him because of his unlikeness. He had wanted to make great pictures, and had succeeded in making a spectacle for a crowd.

As he grew older he grew poorer. Finding still no answer to his puzzle, he lived as nearly as he could like other men. Soon, he thought, he would be finished with living in that strange body for which he had never found much use.

And then when he was seventy years old, his country went to war. There had been wars before, but none like this one. The old man who had learned to do without arms, read of carnage that filled him with horror—heard stories of the dying and the maimed that plunged him again into an old struggle, an old need to live. In the hospitals there were men, thousands of them, disfigured like himself; crippled, and with life ahead of them. He had learned something that he would be able to teach; he had a knowledge that would be useful to bodies like his own.

Afterwards could come poverty and old age—he had no time for them now. Afterwards, he could speculate on moving on to a more fortunate habitation.

He took what money he had left and set out for the nearest base hospital. He had not found the reason for existence, but only for his own.



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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

FIERCELY RAGES THE FIGHT about the fashions. To our no small amusement and to the contradiction of Ann Devon, who recently predicted a revolt against the designers, it appears that the ladies are not only wearing the new styles but liking them. All considerations of cash, comfort or common sense to the contrary notwithstanding, one trial seems to be enough to convince any woman that she looks better in the new creations. *Verb. Sap.* In the leading article of next week, "What Chance Has Mrs. Jones?" Margaret Harland, a frequent contributor to the magazines, explains the efficient organization of the fashion business which is spreading the present vogue from Paris to Peapack.

AFTER THE RECENT presidential business conference at Washington Henry Ford stated that almost everything in America was too high-priced except the man who works. In an article in our next issue, "The Value of a Man," John Carter arrives at the same conclusion—namely, that mass production must be accompanied by a sufficient increase of purchasing power if we are to have proper distribution. Mr. Carter, who is a member of the Department of State, submits a strong plea for the humanization of our economic system.

THE RISE OF Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania to his present position in the Senate in a short seven years is truly remarkable. In "'That Little Devil': A Portrait of Senator Reed," Ray T. Tucker discusses the career and character of President Hoover's recent appointee to the London disarmament conference.

THE SIXTH INSTALMENT of Mrs. Springer's biography of Mrs. Eddy describes the entrance of Asa Gilbert Eddy into her life, first as pupil, later as husband. The period following her third marriage, marked by frequent lawsuits based on accusations of demonology and witchcraft, culminated in the famous charge against Mr. Eddy of conspiracy to murder.

Sweetness and Light in Pittsburgh

(Continued from Page 526)

mediately ordered the Liberal Club disbanded. After a protest meeting three days later, the club did cease to function. On May 2 William Albertson and Arthur G. McDowell, student officers, were expelled from the university. On the same day Frederick Woltman, a graduate assistant in the Department of Philosophy, was dismissed from the faculty. No reason was given. The implication contained in the chancellor's official statement about the whole affair was incorrect. Mr. Woltman was not a member of the Liberal Club. But he had been for some time the courageous and spectacular leader of a group of Pitt professors laboring to expose political corruption and denial of civil liberties in Pennsylvania. The professors had found plenty of both to expose.

The Pinchot-Pepper-Vare senatorial primary of 1926 has already passed into history—one of those unattractive things that the idealist likes to forget. But the work of Frederick A. Beutel, instructor in business law at the University of Pittsburgh, deserves to be remembered. He joined the Pittsburgh committee campaigning for Gifford Pinchot and worked hard for his nomination, although the money and influence of Andrew Mellon supported Pepper. That might have been overlooked, since Pinchot lost. But Mr. Beutel went further. He testified before the Senate Investigating Committee. In graphic detail he described the hordes of Vare and Pepper henchmen storming the party headquarters for their $5 and $10 bills. The Pepper forces, he charged openly, "bought the town." He was not dismissed from the faculty; but he found his work the next year so unpleasant and difficult that he resigned at the first opportunity.

About a year later Dr. Colston E. Warne, assistant professor of Economics, spoke before the Hungry Club of Pittsburgh describing the tragic conditions in the Pennsylvania coal fields. This was followed by articles and other speeches on the same subject. He was severely censured and told that he would not be reappointed, but was later reinstated on the condition that he avoid speaking or writing about coal. He therefore cancelled a series of projected articles on the Pennsylvania strike, but has continued to fight for civil liberties in other fields not so close to Pittsburgh industrialists.

In the fall of 1928 liberal leaders of Pittsburgh organized a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union. Professor Warne became treasurer and Mr. Woltman secretary. Fourteen other members of the Pitt faculty joined. There has been almost continuous friction between faculty members and the administration ever since. A professor who planned to speak from the university radio station on the work of the Pennsylvania Tax Commission was curtly told to cancel his talk. A lecture on Abraham Lincoln was substituted. When the same man expressed a desire to stump for Al Smith in the presidential campaign, he was advised not to do it. He made no speeches. Professor Whiting of the Department of Zoology was severely censured for his part in the Barnes meeting. Albert S. Whiteley, instructor in economics, made a speech on John Stuart Mill's *Liberty,* introducing Tom Tippett of the Brookwood Labor College at a campus meeting. He was censured by Dean Armbruster and Dean Louis K. Manley of the school of business administration, who questioned his right to hold such a meeting. Other members of the faculty have had trouble because of their ideas on religion and even on the propriety of holding student dances in the middle of the week. Dr. Bowman, who early banned smoking in faculty offices, went so far on one occasion, a faculty dinner, as to criticize the conversation he had heard in the faculty lunch room. It was not, he said, sufficiently intellectual to represent the sort of teachers he wanted for his Cathedral.

But the difficulties of the others seem tame beside the story of Mr. Woltman. On May 8, 1928, he, with two companions, was beaten and thrown into jail at White Valley, Pa., for speaking of Constitutional rights to state troopers bent on breaking up a miners' picket line. Worse than that, he collaborated with William L. Nunn, an instructor in economics, on an article for the *American Mercury* attacking the methods of the Pennsylvania coal and iron police. (These officers of the law, though commissioned by the state, are paid by the industries whose property they guard. Hence, as Mr. Woltman and Mr. Nunn pointed out, they are not always strictly impartial in labor disputes.) Despite the tenor of subsequent interviews with Dean Gow, these two faculty members later published a similar article in the *Nation.* Still later, when city officials of Pittsburgh refused to allow meetings in the Pittsburgh Labor Lyceum, Mr. Woltman made a speech there. He was arrested while reading the provisions of the national and state constitutions

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guaranteeing the rights of freedom of speech and peaceable assembly.

His dismissal and the expulsion of the two student leaders of the Liberal Club brought to fever pitch the unrest and resentment among students and faculty. The students could do little. But a number of professors, including about two-thirds of those in the Department of English, one of Dr. Bowman's favorite divisions ruled by a former Iowa colleague, signed a petition asking the chancellor to call a faculty meeting and explain his action. The meeting was not held. In the meantime, with the approach of the summer vacation, many of the liberals, especially those who had supported the Pitt Liberal Club or joined the Civil Liberties Union, packed their bags to leave for the last time. Some went entirely of their own volition, because they foresaw what their ultimate fate might be. Mr. Nunn left because he had been given a friendly warning by a dean. Another instructor was offered $500 if he would go away for graduate work. Those who remain have agreed, tacitly at least, to do nothing which may embarrass the administration.

During this trying period Chancellor Bowman has remained almost completely silent. No one can tell, from any printed utterance of his, whether he approves or disapproves political methods in Pittsburgh, the actions of Pennsylvania coal and iron police, or the conduct of the coal strike. He has even refused to answer the direct question: "Do you believe in the right of free speech for members of the faculty and of the student body?" This self-imposed restraint must have proved irksome at times, as when the Rev. James R. Cox of old St. Patrick's Church, speaking at a university chapel service, condemned the dismissal of students and faculty members as a means of upholding university policies; when the Pittsburgh *Press*, in an editorial, said, "The University of Pittsburgh now officially is established as an institution where one may hold and express sentiments dissatisfying to the chancellor and those behind him only on pain of dismissal;" and when a newspaper printed Mr. Woltman's notes on conferences with university authorities, including this: "The dean pointed out that the chancellor depends on wealth for financing the Cathedral of Learning and for running the university and that he cannot permit anything to happen which might antagonize these wealthy interests or individuals." Perhaps the most significant remark Dr. Bowman made was repeated by his lawyer in a hearing of the suit brought by the Civil Liberties Union to reinstate the two students who had been expelled. The power of expulsion, he contended, lay not with him but with the Board of Trustees.

The one fact that stands out above all others when one tries to explain Dr. Bowman's recent actions is that he has consistently fought anything that might harm his Cathedral of Learning. To bring that building to completion has been his fixed idea. And so, like an amateur attempting the egg dance, he has stepped into one little mess after another, probably never realizing how impressive the accumulation of messes might be. He cannot be called a conservative, or even a hypocrite. Such conventional labels refuse to stick. On the surface a successful money-raiser, he is at heart a disillusioned dreamer. He must look back with misty eyes to the day when he could rapturously proclaim: "That building, all by itself, is a modern crusade."

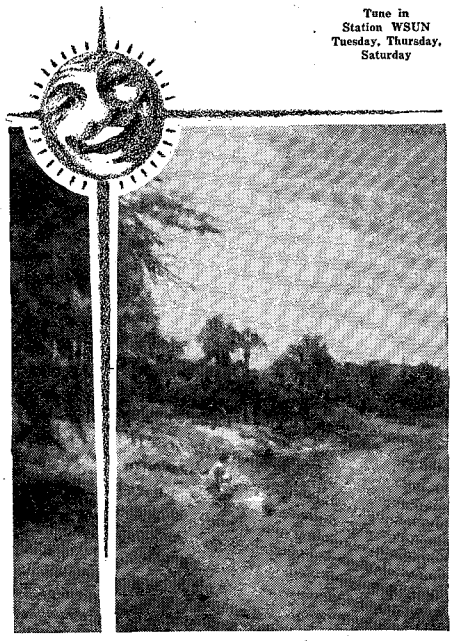
Half an American

(Continued from Page 531)

tell me that in the adjoining compartment there was a Bulgarian who had been in America so long that his speech was no more comprehensible than that of a child of three. I asked to see my compatriot. I spoke to him in our native speech. He understood what I said, but when he attempted to reply his tongue was tied. Then I addressed him in English. His eyes lit up with joy and his face opened into a smile at the sound of English words in this land which was his birth soil. I was not surprised when I heard his English, which was only slightly more intelligible than his Bulgarian.

There are many such linguistic orphans in America. It is a difficult matter for one whose ancestors for centuries have twisted their lips in a certain manner, flung their tongues in this or that nook of the mouth, and otherwise adjusted and manipulated the speech organs to the articulation of peculiar native sounds to force these organs to the production of unnatural syllables.

Now I do not claim that America openly demands uniformity of the immigrant that has come to stay. The federal authorities when granting citizenship rights do not put one through a form of examination designed to ascertain whether he has attained to these qualities before they grant him his papers. But though the demand has not taken such concrete form it is nevertheless there palpably and none



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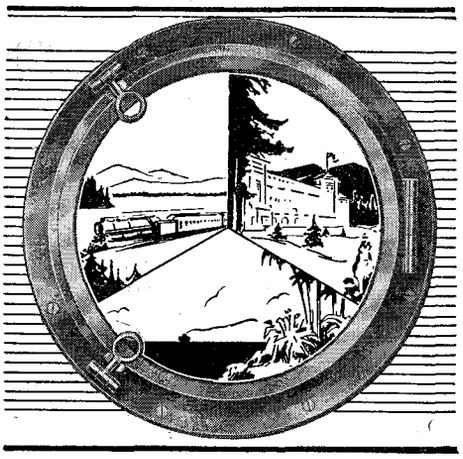

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perceives it better than that immigrant who has been inoculated with the fever for Americanization. I have seen in the homes of foreigners certificates of American citizenship framed like college diplomas and hung on the walls. I have heard the owners of these diplomas of citizenship speak disparagingly of their own peoples and lands and exalt everything American, except prohibition. A kind of Americamania dominates their feelings and attitudes. Yet to the Americans themselves, I mean not the Americanized but the whole Americans, these proud citizens are Greeks or Bulgars or Polaks; not infrequently, Dagos, Wops, Bohunks.

What then eventually happens to these people? Do they continue living in a shroud of deception, or do they sooner or later see through the illusion and tire of their fidelity to America? At length I believe every immigrant begins to think of the old country. Many return with the thought of looking things over and remaining there. But they immediately find that while they have not made of themselves whole Americans, they have become so different from their own people and their mode of living has undergone such a drastic change that the prospect of resuming habitation in their native lands depresses them. There by their own people they are regarded as Americans and are looked upon with a not too approving eye. In America they are foreigners. What are they? They speak well neither English nor their mother tongues.

I cannot forget the experience I had with a Greek-American whom I encountered in my travels in the Balkans. I was driving in a Ford through Chalcidia when, tired and thirsty, I asked my Greek chauffeur to stop in a little village for a drink of *mastica* and a cup of Turkish coffee. A gendarme walked to where we had stopped and asked whether we would be good enough to take along with us to Polygiros, a town some fifteen miles distant, an American who had been stranded in their village. I started at the word American and quickly informed the gendarme that I myself was one. It would be a pleasure indeed to accommodate a countryman of mine.

Seated alone at a table on the terrace of the village café was the American, a short, chubby fellow with a round face. He was dressed in a blue serge suit, a gray cap was pulled over his forehead. The native Greeks in their baggy Anatolian trousers stood or sat at a respectful distance from him and watched his every movement. His chest inflated, the man was surveying everything around him with a lordly air. Now he would sip his coffee, now finger the gold pendant on his watch chain, now pull up the legs of his trousers so that the crease might hang down straight. All these movements the villagers observed with profound and respectful interest. None dared to sit at his table or near him. Among them he was like an officer of an army of occupation. He was a sight! He seemed to be saying to everything and everybody around: "Look! I am an American! What are you? Nothing. Scum!"

The gendarme, the only person bold enough to speak to him, or probably the only person the man condescended to speak to, told him that I was an American. That he should meet an American in these isolated places was enough to fill him with joy. He rose quickly and gladly extended his hand to grasp mine. But the instant he heard me speak in Greek to my chauffeur, he drew back to himself, like a hedgehog at the point of a stick, and eyeing me suspiciously, said in a contemptuous tone, "You ain't no American! You're a Greek!"

He reclined back in his chair and

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assumed his pose of superiority. It was not until I had shown him my American passport and dazzled him with a flow of English, which he considered learned, and later told me was like "the English in the newspapers," that he warmed toward me and accepted my lift to his destination.

All the way to the next town he cursed the Greeks. He had been born in a Greek community in Asia Minor and had emigrated to America years ago. Now he had come to the new parts of Greece to buy a place and settle down. But he was like a fish out of water. Time and again he reassured me that he could not live among the Greeks in the homeland and that he counted the days until his return to America where he planned to buy a soda fountain in Lansing. For twelve years he had been in that business in Michigan.

As he spoke derisively of the Greeks, his own people, of how filthy and backward and uneducated they were, I kept looking at him and could not help thinking that in Lansing he was a Greek.

But how about myself? In Bulgaria I am not wholly a Bulgarian; in the United States not wholly an American. I have to go through life with a dual nationality. When in the United States I long for the sleepy villages and the intimate life of the Balkans. When I am in the Balkans I dream of America day and night. An American made motor car seen on the street, an advertising poster announcing the showing of a motion picture made in the United States, anything closely or remotely connected with America is enough to send thrills through my spine. I was taking an afternoon nap in the house of a friend in Sofia and upon waking was told that I had been talking in my sleep. "What did I say?" I inquired, afraid of having revealed some secrets, with which one's head is always filled in the Balkans. "Nothing much," they comforted me, "You just kept blabbering about America!"

And shall I forget my joy upon my return to America! I was downright foolish. I felt like a child at the sight of his mother from whom it had been separated for months. Without unpacking my things, I left my room at the hotel and for nearly two hours walked up and down Broadway like a man possessed. Everything that my eyes beheld, I felt like embracing within my arms.

But here I am. A year has barely gone by and I am ready to embrace a Balkan donkey with fraternal affection. Yet I cannot leave America, though I am but half an American.

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The Empty French Stocking

(Continued from Page 529)

exceed by five billion francs the previsions of the fiscal department and the needs of the budget, is scarcely less exasperating to the overburdened tax-payer than is the gold reserve of the Banque de France to the victim of the stabilization.

The taxes on reputable securities (already diminished four-fifths in intrinsic value by the depreciation of the franc) have been so abusively superposed as to reduce their revenue beyond all reason. The share of the state frequently amounts to fifty per cent and sixty per cent of the coupon, occasionally to eighty per cent and ninety per cent and even one hundred per cent, and there have been cases—rare, no doubt, but perfectly authenticated—where it has actually exceeded the coupon. The result is that would-be investors, disheartened, turn to the purely speculative values or to downright splurging.

Worse still, the dividends thus sadly reduced (when not taxed to or beyond the vanishing point) must figure in the declarations of income, where they are taxed again. The income tax, at best onerous here, because assessed upon incomes much too small to constitute a decent living, is doubly onerous when assessed upon incomes into which these already overtaxed dividends enter. Even so, the income tax has proved a less pronounced deterrent to saving than the threat—revealing an appalling

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hostility to private property—of certain elements of the Left to make a levy on capital, which is embodied in the war cry, *"Il faut prendre l'argent où il est"* ("We'll take money where we find it").

Above all, there is the inheritance tax, which destroys what was far and away the strongest incentive to economy in this country of the heritage *par excellence*. The inheritance tax is not a novelty in France, and the right of the state to a part of the property of its deceased citizens is an accepted commonplace. But the part it now appropriates is so exorbitant as to be at times equivalent to confiscation. It is constantly happening that a legatee hesitates to accept his succession for the very good and sufficient reason that it costs more than it is worth to get it, the charges, paradoxical as it may seem, absorbing, or even exceeding the heritage. He hesitates the more that the taxes, which must be paid by him in advance, are computed upon the nominal value of the estate at the moment of the demise, instead of upon the net value after the settlement of outstanding bills and the expenses of the last illness and burial, and that he must decide to accept or reject without knowing what the various charges are going to amount to.

Notwithstanding their discouragement, disillusion and disgust, the number of the aged, who have imposed upon themselves since the War fresh privations, remains considerable. But the ex-poilus (the generation that actually fought the War) are less patient. Their disgust is the more intense that they have never been quite able to settle down, after their years of high adventure, to their former humdrum, homespun existences. While the later generations look upon caution and economy with a sort of holy horror, and, seeing where conservative investment has brought their elders, proceed to follow a diametrically opposite course. These young people flout the notion that a penny saved is a penny earned and refuse flatly to subordinate the present to the future.

To say that French thrift has gone for good and all, which would amount to asserting that the national temperament is completely transformed, would be going, perhaps, too far. Driven away by exceptional circumstances, the provident impulse may return when these exceptional circumstances shall have passed. The Frenchman saved, not alone because it was his nature to save, but because a social atmosphere propitious to saving was fostered and respected. When, if ever, this propitious social atmosphere shall have been re-created, when the stability, the security, the continuity indispensable to his serenity shall have been restored, his earlier frugal bent may again get the upper hand. Reversion to type is always a possibility. But, in the meanwhile, free spending will have become, in its turn, a pronounced habit, the inertia of which will have to be overcome, and that will not be achieved in a day.

The "Precious Volume"

(Continued from Page 543)

this great error to us before these pages went to press," she wrote on page 378. On page 375 she explains that it was the Wright controversy which "precipitated our examination of mesmerism," and it must be said that her "examination" had produced for her some astonishing animadversions upon the theme. Manipulation, she says, is the mark of the mesmerist, and proceeds to explain how the mesmerist has only to rub the head of a patient to gain complete control over his mind, his hates, his loves, his morals, and his life. It is, she says, "more subtle than all other beasts of the field, it coils itself about the sleeper, fastens its fang in innocence, and kills in the dark." She considers it "as a weapon of revenge," as a method of influencing the verdict of a juror, as a method of convincing a patient that he is getting well when he is in fact about to die, and throughout all these amazing declarations there runs the constantly recurring theme of "the student whose history had diverged into a dark channel of its own" and so revealed this scourge to her. His sole sin seems to have been that he had deserted her, and that his friends and patients were his friends and patients, and not hers.

Underwood

Mary Baker Eddy in the '70's

These passionate expressions of resentment against Kennedy are quite literally difficult to believe. But here we have followed implicitly her own admonition that she is to be found in her writings. The accusations in the first edition of *Science and Health* are only the beginning of the things she was to have to say of her enemies. It was as if she were moved by some inner compulsion to leave embedded in the body of her written work the record of the personal drama of her life. If her autobiography, *Retrospection and Introspection*, veers sharply from the personal record and seems to conceal rather than to reveal, the opposite is true of the writings proposed as text books and statements of her theory. For here she veers as sharply from the abstract and general to the personal and concrete.

(To Be Continued)

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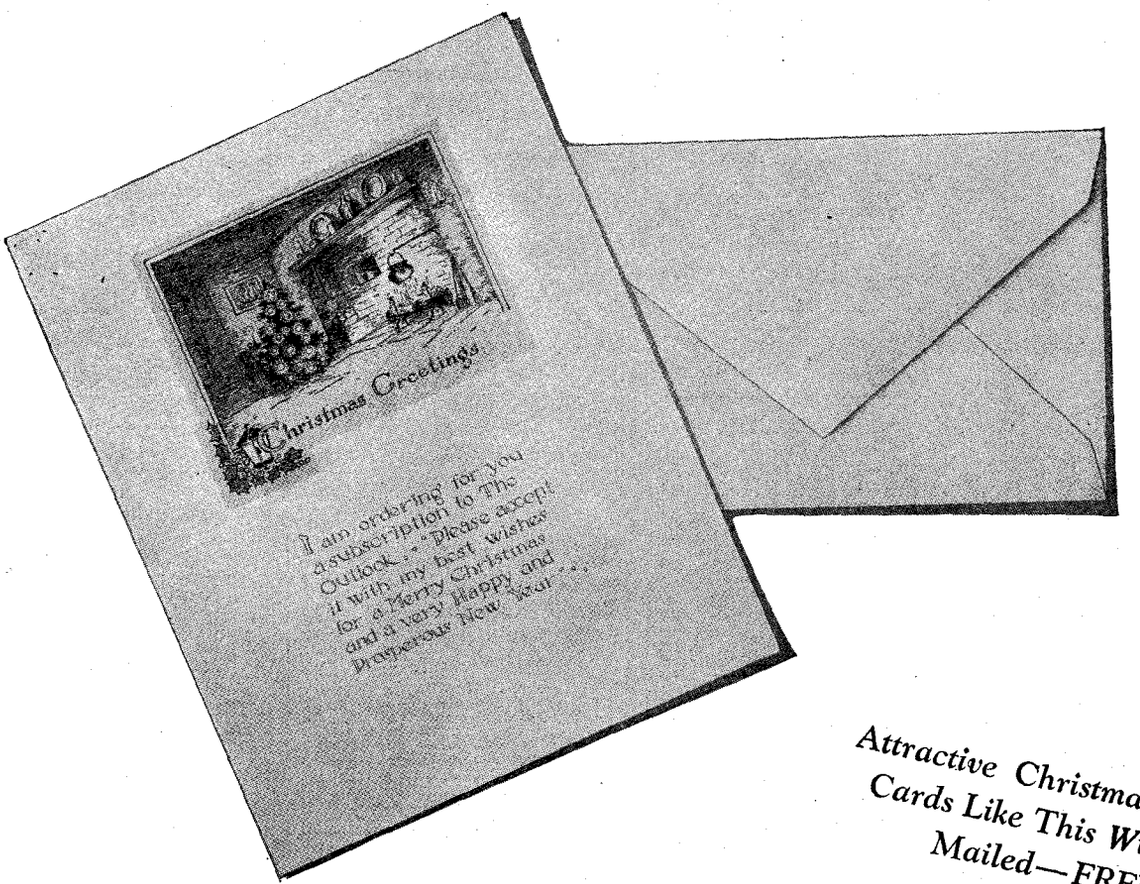
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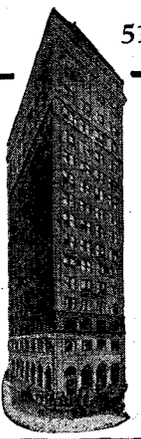

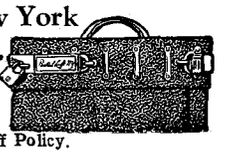

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With Our Readers

A Bouquet for Mr. Phillips

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Permit me to express to you my appreciation of your highly interesting and instructive publication, which I have been reading religiously and thoroughly for the past two years, approximately. One characteristic of it I particularly admire, is its fairness and fearlessness in the discussion of present day topics, both by its editors and contributors. The one subject that is most upon our social and political horizon, the "noble experiment" of prohibition is not made an exception in your editorial policies, as is evidenced by the article "The Consent of the Governed," on page 118, of the issue dated Sept. 18, 1929 by Mr. T. W. Phillips, Jr.

That article impresses me with being the most sane and sensible expression of opinion upon the subject that I have ever read, the logic of which is invulnerable. The fact that the eighteenth amendment and the Volstead law to enforce it, were enacted at a time when our country was at war with Germany, and the most of our citizenry were directly or indirectly engaged in "saving the world for democracy," adds weight to his declaration that the present evils of prohibition "are due primarily to the law makers rather than to the law breakers," and that those evils may be "eliminated either by changing human nature or by changing inhuman laws."

Why an enforcement law at all? If the prohibition provided by the constitutional amendment is so popular with the masses of our people as its advocates preach, and pretend to believe, none would be necessary. If, on the other hand, prohibition is not desired by a substantial majority of the people, a fact so notorious as to preclude argument, why attempt its enforcement? Theoretically, at least, we are a nation governed by the consent of a majority of those governed. We have never had a plebiscite upon this question, and, strangely, we are assured that to have one would be "unconstitutional."

Again, why all this sacrosanct atmosphere given in the eighteenth amendment? The fifteenth amendment was ratified in 1870, but this quality does not attach to it, nor have we ever had an act of the Congress to enforce it, though the amendment carries the identical authority of Congress to enforce it as pertains to the eighteenth amendment, viz: "Sec. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

When we take into consideration that several of our most populous states are not in a sympathy with the eighteenth amendment, and that three of our Eastern states never have ratified it, (Rhode Island, New Jersey and Connecticut) we recognize the improbability if not impossibility of its ever being enforced. So why not provide a sane and sensible method of dealing with a question that is so intimately interwoven with our national life and well being? One other thought. Our professional prohibitionists continually harp about "the return of the saloon." From extended discussion and observation covering the past half dozen years, I am firmly convinced that not "one half of one per cent" of the people of this country desire the return of the saloon system, nor would tolerate a law that would make it possible.

Very respectfully,
GRANT E. HALDERMAN

Money and Medicine!

Chicago, Illinois.

To the Editor of
the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I appreciate the timely article on "Death at Birth," by Helena H. Smith, in the November 13 issue.

A question is asked in this article, "Why is it that the United States is twenty-first in the roster of nations collecting maternal mortality data?" Now, to my way of thinking, as Governor Smith might say, there are some factors which are evident to one who spent eleven years teaching students at Rush Medical College. One factor is our helter-skelter way of providing the hospitals, for the hospitals do the teaching in asepsis, and the lack of asepsis causes the greatest number of maternal deaths. The medical student reads about asepsis, but learns how to avoid asepsis in his future hospital work.

At present, the state provides jails and asylums and other institutions, but no state or city has taken steps to insure hospital beds in ratio to population. This means that most of our hospitals are built by philanthropic or religious organizations, or medical schools, and are controlled by them. Many a good student does not progress because neither he nor his patient has the advantage of hospital facilities.

Another factor is the lack of appreciation that skill and experience are essential in the physician who is to assume charge in an obstetrical case. For an appendix operation, or any other form of surgery, or a disease of the heart, the layman seeks the services of a specialist or man of known ability in that line.

When an obstetrical case arises in a family, too often are the services of any physician secured, because childbirth is assumed to be a normal function requiring little skill or experience, while the removal of an appendix or the opening of a boil requires much skill, and therefore greater remuneration.

In other words, the student is assured of far greater remunerative return if he perfects himself in surgery and internal medicine, than if he goes into obstetrics. And remuneration cannot be fully ignored in the present day. Any physician must meet the competition of his alma mater, practicing medicine under the protection of endowed hospitals, a well advertised name, and donations from the alumni themselves. One may wonder what would be the attitude of the legal profession if the various law schools should enter into the practice of law, as well as the teaching of law.

If for one year the amount of money spent for the attempt in enforcing prohibition, were diverted to the building of hospitals and teaching of obstetrics, both to students and to the laymen, how much better off might we be.

W. F. HEWITT, M. D.

Governor Ritchie Is Right

Camden, Maine.

To the Editor of
the Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have read with sincere interest, the article by Albert C. Ritchie, Governor of Maryland, in your issue of October 23 ult. What Governor Ritchie states is sound logic, any clear headed, unbiased mind must admit, Lex non scripta, is the law which all right thinking people obey in conjunction with Rational Laws. I am neither a "wet" or a "dry," but I agree with the Governor thoroughly, in every word he says, and cheerfully endorse his statements as the best I have read on the vivid question of "Prohibition."

A.C.F.C. FENTON

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